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No. 5

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CORONATION

By W. J. Thorold

ALL our Empire looked toward Westminster Abbey on August 9th. Throughout these mighty Islands and the British Dominions beyond the seas there was jubilation, but beneath moved an undercurrent of intense anxiety. There were divers rumours, alarmist reports had gone out, the news factories were working overtime. All this was accentuated by depression of commerce and by the cold calculations of those cynics in algebra called actuaries; for many solicitous weeks insurance underwriters had been constantly keeping the barometer near the throne. June, with its direful calamity, had so recently passed, even though this calamity had proved to ourselves and the world the marvellous esteem, amounting almost to reverent personal affection, in which our Sovereign is held. Greater Britain was disappointed once: millions feared they might be twice. Men realized as rarely before the tremendous issues which depend upon one man—and that one man a constitutional monarch.

The Ninth loomed full of possibilities. There were prophecies and presentiments: all felt it would be memorable—one way or the other. Some had pictured the worst. As the day of the ceremony drew near the anxiety of the people increased; as the hour approached this had grown to nervous excitement. But when at last the news was flashed to waiting London and vibrated throughout the Empire that the coronation of King Edward VII



THE CANADIAN ARCH AS DECORATED FOR THE RETURN OF
LORD KITCHENER

and Queen Alexandra was completed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York, then myriads of their Majesties' loyal subjects and the great ones who sit in the seats of the mighty among the nations of the earth breathed more freely and felt that a great weight had been lifted from mind and heart.

The crowning of King Edward VII was unique in import and glory. No

and made their way to empire through seas of blood. Nor did the ceremony in the Capitol or the one in Notre Dame approach that at Westminster Abbey in either grandeur of display or depth of significance. The coronation of the King of England was pregnant with a larger meaning.

The daily press by its wonderful system of cable reports has rendered familiar to all the world the actual cere-



A Peeress in Crimson Velvet and Ermine—the Countess of Gosford, Lady of the Bedchamber.



A Peer in Crimson and Ermine over White—the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal.

AT THE CORONATION

other coronation has excited such universal interest. There is no parallel in modern times in the life of any reigning monarch. Germany and Italy, Holland and Russia, have all had their coronations quite recently but none excited such solicitude throughout the world. The two most renowned in the history of splendid pageants, and as the commencement of new eras, are those of Augustus, in Rome, and Napoleon in Paris; but both these fighting rulers manufactured their own sceptres

mony: the royal progress accompanied by the soldiers of the Empire, troops of all colours and all uniforms, the envoys and ambassadors of foreign Powers, the premiers of British Colonies and Dominions, the acclaim of countless multitudes assembled along the route from Buckingham Palace, up Constitution Hill and Piccadilly, down St. James's Street and Pall Mall, along Parliament Street to the Gothic pile that has been the scene of so many great historical events—then the gorgeous

ritual and solemn symbolism in the church, with all its pomp and Imperial magnificence, witnessed by the foremost personages in the British Empire and the most distinguished or royal representatives of all the rulers of mankind.

This religious and royal ceremony with fullest details has been made graphic and has passed like a living

before did the subjects of the King, the members of this greatest Empire, realize so thoroughly that important two-edged fact and the almost inconceivable reserve strength that rests therein. There was a vivid lesson in geography and the final result of much changing of maps, the epitome of centuries and the story of a thousand conquests. The assets of the

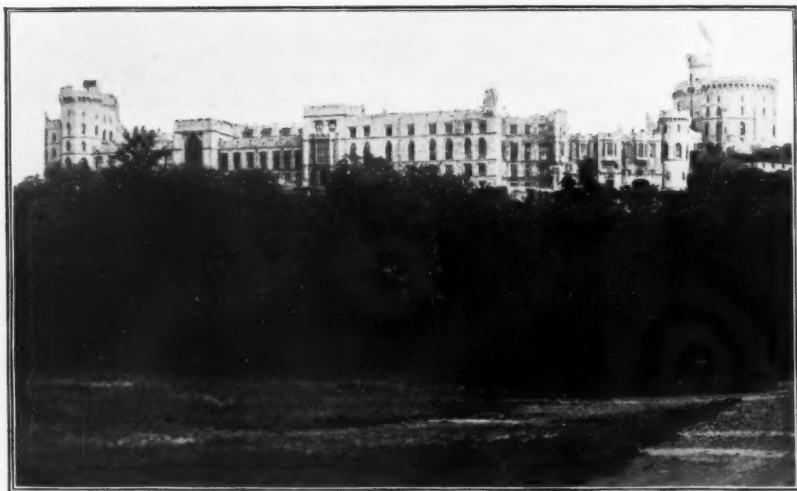


THE CANADIAN CORONATION CONTINGENT REVIEWED IN FRONT OF THE CANADIAN ARCH BY SIR WILFRID LAURIER, JULY 1ST

panorama before the eyes of those who did not have the good fortune to be present on that august occasion. But there are certain facts that have been unemphasized or omitted because they were unusual for the reportorial cable or outside the province of a daily newspaper.

The supreme significance of the Coronation was the vastness and solidarity of the British Empire. Never

Empire were counted over—political, territorial, moral—it was a gigantic stock-taking. The inventory was huge. Participating in the Coronation were men from every latitude and longitude in both hemispheres, from every temperature and climate in the arctics and the tropics, of every shade of skin from white to black, from mountains and plains, from deserts and jungles, from Canada to Egypt, from India to



WINDSOR CASTLE

The ground on which it stands was bought by William the Conqueror, and the first castle was built by him. It was enlarged by succeeding sovereigns, and modernized under George IV and Queen Victoria. Here King Edward will now live.

Australia, from Jamaica to South Africa—all representing millions of men proud to be Britishers, happy to serve the King, and all ready to fight at the tick of a cable or the call of a bugle for the honour of Old England. The soldiers and premiers, the envoys and princes from afar, dressed in their brilliant robes and escorted by their swarthy retinues, speaking most of the languages of the civilized and savage worlds, helped to make this gratifying fact more visible and convincing. And this ocular evidence of the vastness and solidarity of the British Empire was observed and noted by numerous foreign representatives and visitors, both political and military—for the purpose of being reported to and weighed by a few kings and presidents with new empires in their brains.

The Coronation revealed the secret of our Empire's vastness and solidarity: the deep feeling of kinship that prevails even to its utmost shores, and that binds with strongest bonds of willing loyalty its nearest and most distant portions to the crown and King of England. Herein lies the wisdom of Downing Street. Whenever Great

Britain subjugates and annexes any country or race she at once proceeds to annex the sympathies and enlist the loyalty of the vanquished by taking them into partnership and making life more preferable under the Union Jack than under any other flag. This is the logical and philosophical method; after the appeal to force, the appeal to sober self-interest—then follows national development under allegiance to Great Britain. It is a business proposition that soon results in patriotism. Here is the secret of the potent imperial sentiment that dominates the Empire.

The Coronation meant a unanimous tribute from the people of the Empire to the personal popularity of King Edward VII, and signified the unbounded admiration felt for him. It was an assertion of the universal belief in the diplomatic and statesmanlike ability as well as the pre-eminent kingly qualities, amply developed through a long period of preparation as Prince of Wales, that fit him and entitle him to occupy the throne of this vast Empire—all this in addition to his unchallenged and incontestable right of heri-

tage as the eldest son of Queen Victoria, the most gracious and the noblest queen of all ages. If a revolution were possible in Great Britain—and, of course, it would stand about the same chance as an icicle in the Sahara—there is no living Englishman, not even excepting the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Salisbury, who so completely expresses British character and the British mind, who is so astute a politician, so profound a counsellor, so consummate an administrator; in short, not one who could meet the stupendous responsibilities so successfully discharged by the imperial scion of the Guelphs who has just assumed the crown.

The Coronation signified the reaffirmation by the various peoples of this vast Empire of their belief in the principle and practice of monarchy limited. It is obvious that neither despotism nor republicanism can thrive or even find any place to take root in the realms of King Edward. No change could be even dreamed of, much less desired for even a single instant, while such

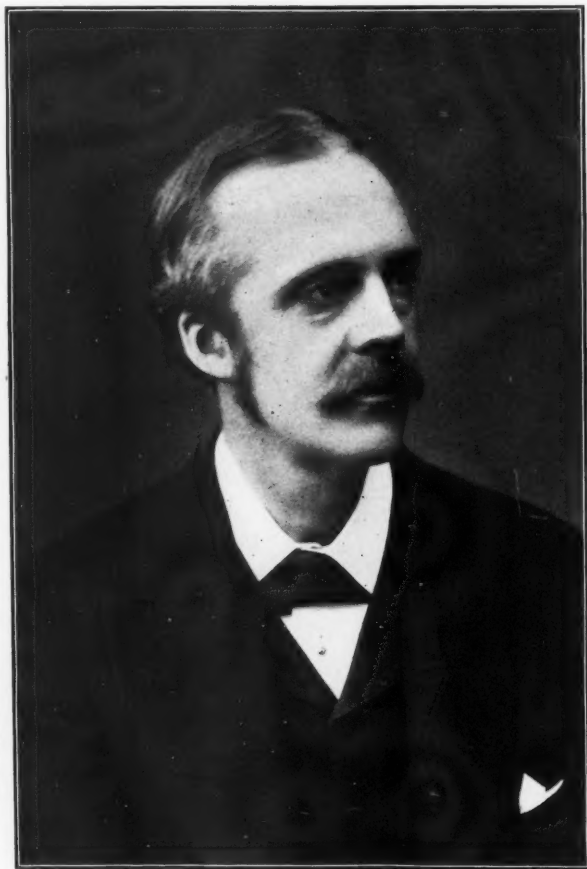
sovereigns as he wear the crown and direct our destinies. With him and his family monarchy is as safe and unshakable as Gibraltar. He stands for national advancement and imperial progress, for liberal ideas of life, and the policy of keeping level with the spirit of the times in every department of healthy effort—in science, art, education, commerce, industry, mechanics, literature, sport. He stands for and expresses the truth of one blood and the union of the Empire, making men glad to owe him allegiance and to do him homage.

The newest significance of the Coronation lay in bringing into prominence the importance of the Colonies to the Empire and the importance of the Empire to the Colonies. Each needs the other; it is the strength of union and the union of strength. From the present point in our national and imperial growth this mutual need will be more fully felt every year. The Coronation was a milestone in British progress; it signified the beginning of a new epoch in colonial and imperial relations—with



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT

Which the King has presented to the British Nation in memory of Queen Victoria, who died there. It will be converted into a "convalescent home for officers of the navy and army whose health has been impaired in rendering service to their country."



RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR
THE HEAD OF THE BRITISH CABINET



SIR WILFRID LAURIER—CANADA



SIR GORDON SPRIGG—CAPE COLONY



SIR EDMUND BARTON—AUSTRALIA



ROBERT J. SEDDON—NEW ZEALAND

FOUR COLONIAL RULERS

an acknowledgment of the resultant interdependence. This means that Canada and the other British possessions, will be more important in the Empire and in the world, that the Parliaments at Ottawa and other distant capitals will have more weight in London—it means the elevation of the British dominions beyond the seas to a place in the councils of the Empire. The conference of Colonial Premiers was the first step, the thin end of the wedge. For this immensely improved status the oversea portions of the Empire thank the far-seeing Joseph Cham-

berlain as Minister of a far-seeing King.

There was a time in the history of England when Colonies were things to tax and to exploit. Now all that has changed. The Coronation of Queen Victoria meant the beginning of the change—that of King Edward VII signified its consummation. Without a navy and without an army, or the need of either of her own, completely without the fear of the millstone of standing militarism, simply by virtue of being and remaining one of the most loyal countries in the British Empire—world-influence belongs to Canada.

ROBERT BURNS*

By Professor Wilham Clark, D.C.L.

MR. PRESIDENT, Mrs. Walker, Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel it to be a great privilege and a great honour that I am allowed to address this large gathering on an occasion so interesting and so touching as the unveiling of the statue of our great Poet, and I sincerely congratulate you, sir (Mr. Walker), on this termination of your loving labours, since to you, more than any one else, we owe it that this statue of Robert Burns has been raised in our great city. On this day, July 21, in the year 1796—one hundred and six years ago—there was taken from this world one of the keenest and brightest intellects, and one of the warmest and tenderest hearts that ever beat under hodden gray or a tartan plaid. To this man we are met to do honour this day, or rather we are doing honour to ourselves by keeping his name in remembrance. It will be apparent from these remarks that I have no idea of adopting any apologetic tone as befitting those who are commemorating our greatest Scottish poet. We might say that there had been, perhaps, too much of this in the past, and it is rather out of place. Burns undoubtedly had his faults. To use a French saying, he had “the defects of his qualities,” but his qualities were great, and for the sake of these, we can put up with his defects more easily than with those of the men who speak harshly of him. We may say of Burns that, if he had faults, he yet had a high ideal of life, as his writings declare, and if he did not fully realize that ideal, as might be said of most men and of the very best of men, he was always ready to acknowledge his shortcomings—which is not the case with all men. Indeed, Burns was most certainly a man essentially good, noble, generous—head and shoulders above his detractors. For ourselves and our own estimate of Burns we might say that we greatly

prefer the author of “Holy Willie’s Prayer” to Holy Willie himself.

Happily it is no longer necessary for individuals to argue a question which the world has decided. When the world has spoken the exceptions do not count for much. “*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*” Scotchmen all know Latin and do not need to be told that the whole world is a safe judge—or, in the language of Talleyrand, as rendered into terse English by Dean Stanley, “There is some one who is wiser than anybody, and that is everybody.” Well, we have this testimony—the testimony of everybody—of the world. I venture to say that there is hardly a poet who, like Robert Burns, sprang into fame at once and never lost the place that they had gained. Think of Cowley. Once on a time he was thought the equal of Milton. But how many of us here have read ten pages of Cowley? Think of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, how long they had to wait before they obtained general recognition, and how uncertain has been the place of Byron and of Wordsworth in the years which have followed their death! How different is the case with Burns! No sooner was the Kilmarnock (the first) edition of his poems published than he took Scotland by storm, and obtained recognition from many men who read with difficulty the dialect in which many of his poems were written. For example, the testimony of that true poet, William Cowper, was immediate and enthusiastic. And not only was his success instantaneous; it has also been continuous, uninterrupted, increasing. There is no time and no place in which men have been able to read the poems of Burns in which they have not been admired. And we may confidently predict that even if the dialect in which they are written should cease to be spoken (which is not unlikely) men will

* Substance of Oration delivered at the unveiling of a Burns statue in Toronto, July 21, 1902.

be willing to learn the language of Burns that they may enjoy the poems he has written. And this is true not merely of Scotchmen, but of all men who speak our common tongue, and even of many belonging to other lands. For Burns was not merely the Poet of Scotland, but the Poet of mankind. Dearly and tenderly as he loved his native land, he yet more passionately loved humanity. And so it has come to pass that he has gained the love of Saxon and of Celt, of Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen and many besides.

Some well-meaning persons have endeavoured to draw a distinction between Burns the Poet and Burns the man. It is seldom indeed that such a separation can be made; but it certainly could not be in the case of Burns, whose poetical utterances were the expression of the man himself from beginning to end, through and through. Burns, we have said, was essentially a good man. He came of a good stock. His father was a man of high character, of acknowledged integrity among his fellows—a man who recognized the fine genius of his son, and sometimes trembled when he thought that it might be misused. Burns has shown us what manner of man his father was in his "Cotter's Saturday Night;" and Burns has shown us what he was himself in all his poems.

Let it be granted, he was sometimes defiant, scornful, when dealing with classes of character with which he had scant sympathy. But he never was scornful of real goodness or refused recognition of loyalty to God in man. The hypocrisy which assumed an air of superior sanctity aroused his wrath, and in his anger and contempt he sometimes exceeded the bounds of moderation. But he was never unreal.

Perhaps we might say that this deep sincerity of Burns was the foundation of all that was most excellent in him. It pervades all that he said and did. There was no posing, no attitudinizing, no make-believe in Burns. His geniality, his open-heartedness, his human affection and tenderness come out in all his writing. His poetry was

sincere, spontaneous, the utterance of a man with no second thoughts, no self-consciousness, of one who spoke out his deepest convictions and gave voice to his present emotions. There has been no more sincere writer in the English language than Robert Burns, and none more spontaneous and natural. Although he did not disdain the use of art, he was emphatically the poet of nature. Compare him, for example, with one who was indeed a very considerable poet in a previous age—Alexander Pope—one in whose works we might see the perfection of artifice, as in Burns we see the perfection of nature.

One of the evidences of the greatness and manliness of the character of our poet is afforded by his conduct during his stay in Edinburgh, after the publication of the first edition of his poems. He showed himself free alike from vanity and arrogance. He was never for a moment puffed up by the adulation which he received, nor did he ever forget his independence of thought and spirit in his intercourse with those who might suppose themselves to be his superiors. Wherever Burns went he carried with him a kind of rustic dignity, without pretence or affectation, without any exaggerated humility. Indeed, one might say that the only time he mixed with those who might be regarded as his equals was during his residence in Edinburgh.

Testimonies to this effect come from all quarters. The Duchess of Gordon said she had never met with one who could talk like Burns, who, in conversation, carried her "fairly off her feet." Walter Scott, who was only a boy when he saw Burns (and he never saw him again), spoke of the wonderful power of his eye. Such an eye, he said, he had never seen in a human head, although he had known all the greatest men of his age. The eye of Burns, he said, literally glowed, when he spoke with emotion. A testimony to the poet's power of no less force might be mentioned in the fact that, when it was known that Burns had come into an hotel, even if it was after

midnight, the waiters and ostlers would get out of bed and crowd round the room in order to have the delight of listening to his conversation. Surely a wonderful proof of the power of this natural eloquence! And all this during the period of his residence in Edinburgh, which did not turn his head! How many men, how few men could have borne it all! Adversity is often very hard to bear; but it is still harder to bear prosperity thrust suddenly upon us. But Burns bore it. Surrounded by men of the highest eminence, by great scholars, philosophers, historians, he bore himself with great dignity, speaking only when he had something to say, never obtrusive, never unequal to the occasion.

When we understand something of Burns, we shall be prepared to understand his poetry, and we learn from himself what were the sources of his poetical activity—they were patriotism and love. In his epistle "to the guid wife of Wauchope" (Mrs. Scott) he declares of his youthful days:—

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or beuk could make
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thrissle, spreading wide,
Among the bearded bere,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

But there was something still more powerful than the love of country that stirred his poetic pulses, and that was the love of women, a love not always exercised "wisely, but too well." It is a subject on which we cannot here dwell at length. It was the secret of Burns' strength and his weakness. Here, as elsewhere, and like other men, he had, as we have said, the defects of his qualities, and we forgive the defects for the sake of the qualities. Burns, at any rate, tells us how he was inspired by his loves. In the epistle from which we have already quoted, he tells us:—

"I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky e'en
That gars my heart-strings tingle."

There are splendid illustrations of these two tendencies in Burns' poems; as for his patriotism, there is "Scots wha hae," which has been described as the noblest war song in all literature, a song composed by Burns on horseback in the midst of a tempest—as we can well believe.

But if the glory of Burns is his songs, the glory of his songs is his love songs, which are of supreme beauty and excellence. Many examples might be given. For instance, there is that charming song, "Green Grow the Rashes, O." Perhaps the most delicate compliment ever paid to woman was contained in the last stanza of this poem:—

"Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man
And then she made the lasses, O!"

Most exquisite is the song, "My Nannie, O." And then there is that love-song which many have thought the most perfect composition of its kind—"O' a' the airts the win' can blaw." The second stanza of that song is certainly of surprising beauty:—

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean."

I am an old man, and some of those behind me are no longer young, and yet our hearts are thrilled by these strains; how much more must they move the hearts of the young!

Then, again, where do we find such songs of friendship as those of Burns? In every country in which our language is spoken, men find as the sweetest expression of friendship, fellowship and good-will, Burns' "Auld Lang Syne." To my knowledge and the knowledge of many others, that song has not only been the momentary expression of a genuine emotion, but the means of uniting hearts and minds that had been

parted asunder. Think, again, of his "Epistle to Davie, a Brither Poet"—who, perhaps, did not quite deserve such a tribute—it is a poem on which most of us dwell with real and great delight.

But here a question may arise with regard to a claim put forth for Burns—had he any claim to be a teacher, or was he merely a singer? In my opinion Burns was a great teacher, and it need not be difficult to prove this assertion. Take, for example, his "Epistle to a Young Friend," and exam-

It would not be easy to find any counsels more sound, more practical, more necessary for a young man to meditate and act upon than those contained in these simple, trenchant words. These are counsels which are not only worthy of their author, not only deserve to be weighed and acted upon by young men, but which may be worthy of meditation by those who are the teachers of the Church, the ministers of divine truth. Have they always seen the right use and the right place of the "fear of hell" as Burns saw it? And then the



PROFESSOR CLARK DELIVERING HIS BURNS ORATION

PHOTO BY MCCLELLAN

ine the counsels which he there puts forth :—

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where you feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border ;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences,
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences."

close of the epistle shows at once the clear moral perception and the real humility of the writer :

"Adieu, dear amiable youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting;
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed'
Still daily to grow wiser !
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did the adviser."

Before passing from this aspect of the subject before us, we cannot fail to draw attention to that noble ode which has become incorporated in the life and thought of mankind—one of the finest utterances of the spirit of the Gospel—

"A man's a man for a' that." Who does not wish that these burning, thrilling words might be graven on the memory of high and low, of rich and poor, of peer and peasant? For example:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

And again,

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he manna fa' that!"

And above all, these concluding lines, so oft repeated, so deeply impressed, which, we may pray, will before long become the common prayer and aspiration of mankind:

"Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er all the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be, for a' that.

As we meditate on the work done by Burns we cannot help thinking of what he might have accomplished under more favourable circumstances. We have said that the poetry of Burns was lyrical. We are not without indications that he might have produced a great drama or an epic poem. Many regard his "Jolly Beggars" as among the first and greatest of his compositions, and it gives evidence of a dramatic genius of a high order. "Tam o' Shanter," which I must agree with Sir Walter Scott and Burns himself in regarding as the most powerful of all the productions of his genius, is not only full of the happiest phrases and of the most vivid descriptions, but exemplifies very high powers of narration. Many of its lines have passed into some-

thing like household words. For example:

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;"

And again,

"Oh, gentle dames, it gars me greet
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthened sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises."

And those delicious lines,

"And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam loved him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for weeks thegither."

Everyone knows the fine lines beginning

"But pleasures are but poppies spread."

Nor should we overlook the comical gravity of the moral at the end of the poem:

"Now wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys ower dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare."

When we consider all the unfavourable circumstances of the poet's life, we shall rather wonder that he did so much than complain that he did not do more. We do well to keep his work in remembrance, and we are met today to do honour to his memory. Whatever we may do we shall be in his debt, not he in ours. For him we can now do nothing. His own generation was found wanting. God sent them one of the rarest souls of our human race, and they sent him to be a gauger. He has passed far beyond our pity and our censure. We can only keep his words in remembrance, and follow him with our love, our gratitude, and our tears.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXVII.—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DENISON

TO be noted as a staunch Canadian, jealous of the rights and dignity of his native country, and yet to be President of the British Empire League in Canada which seeks to pre-

serve inviolate the tie between the Dominion and the Mother State; to be a political force which wise politicians prefer to enlist on their side rather than fight against, and yet to

have no clearly defined party affiliations; to have written books thought worthy of translation into several foreign languages, and yet not to be a member of the Canadian Society of Authors; to be one of the most effective and eloquent of orators, and yet rarely to deliver a public address of more than fifteen or twenty minutes' duration—these are a few of the complexities and apparent contradictions which make the character and personality of Colonel George Taylor Denison an interesting study.

Considering the popularity which Colonel Denison enjoys on account of his courage, rectitude and inflexible patriotism, it is not too much to say that he is a remarkable man. Considering that the usual road to fame and influence in a young state is by way of party politics, it may fairly be contended that to win distinction by other equally honourable means argues exceptional gifts, mental and moral. On this account, if you were asked to name quickly the dozen or so of Canadians who stand in the forefront of public life by reason of personal qualities, recognized position, and the exertion of influence you could not know your Canada very well if you omitted to mention Colonel Denison.

Born at the family residence, near Toronto, August 31, 1839, George T. Denison inherited from distinguished progenitors, on both the paternal and maternal sides, the military instinct and a devoted attachment to his country. On the maternal side he is a direct descendant of the famous Capt. Lippincott, whose attachment to the Crown in the American Revolutionary War incurred the bitter hostility of Washington, and who ultimately joined the United Empire Loyalist emigration to Upper Canada. On the paternal side Colonel Denison comes of fighting stock for several generations, his great-grandfather, grandfather and father having all been in the military service of the British Crown in one way or another, being especially noted for their unselfish and patriotic efforts to maintain British rule on this continent. He was educated at Upper Canada Col-

lege, Trinity University and the University of Toronto, holding the degree of LL.B. from the latter institution. Adopting law as a profession, he was called to the bar of Upper Canada in 1861. In early life he took some part in municipal and political affairs, was for a short time an alderman in Toronto, and was once a candidate for Parliament in Algoma in the Liberal interest. In 1877, during an absence in Europe, he was selected by the Government as police magistrate of Toronto, an office requiring those qualities of scrupulous honour, steadfast courage and sterling sense which are among the distinguishing characteristics of Colonel Denison. From this date onward, attaching himself faithfully to the duties of the post and discharging them with a capacity and fairness that have earned the complete confidence of the community, he eschewed what may loosely be termed party politics.

Cut off, in this sense, from ordinary political action, Colonel Denison prosecuted with zeal his interest in the volunteer militia service and his devotion to the cause of Imperial Unity. He was for many years an officer in, and ultimately a colonel of, the cavalry corps raised and for a time maintained by the Denison family—the Governor-General's Body Guard. He was on active service in two campaigns, first in 1866 during the Fenian Raid, and secondly in 1885, during the Northwest Rebellion. His books "Modern Cavalry" and the "History of Cavalry"—the latter winning the prize given by the Czar of Russia, and open to writers of all nationalities—have been translated into several foreign languages and are recognized textbooks in the military schools abroad. His connection with the Imperial movement was equally productive of good work for which no other rewards were either sought or bestowed except the public regard and the consciousness of duty done. He was elected President of the old Imperial Federation League in 1893, and on the dissolution of the parent League in England he was a prime factor in the

establishment of the British Empire League, and, as far as the Canadian branch was concerned, its virtual founder. It would be useless to attempt to recount in full the lectures, addresses and magazine and newspaper writings which have marked his energetic labours on behalf of Imperial Unity.

Few Canadians are so well known

who respect him for his sincerity and absence of self-seeking, and who place great confidence in his advocacy of Imperial Unity as being dictated by insight and courage of a high order. His genial temperament and ready wit veil a strong and determined will. No man in Canada to-day has exercised by voice and pen and personal effort the quality of leadership in a more pro-



LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON

PHOTO BY FRASER BRYCE

in Great Britain as Colonel Denison. By frequent visits to England during the past thirty years he has utilized his excellent opportunities of presenting the Canadian point of view on all Imperial matters, his intrepid independence enabling him to tell Englishmen rather what they ought to know about Colonial feeling than what they like to hear.

In social life Colonel Denison has a wide circle of friends all over Canada

nounced manner. By strength of conviction, resolute conduct and unimpeachable integrity he has become the sheet-anchor in the Dominion of all men who profess and call themselves Imperialists, and it is a safe prediction to declare that whatever place or influence the Imperial cause may hold in Canada during the next ten years will, in no slight measure, bear marks of the vigilance, fostering care and guiding hand of Colonel George T. Denison.

E. Q. V.

OUR AUTUMN NIGHT SKIES

By *Elsie A. Dent*

Mother of balms and soothings manifold,
Quiet-breathed Night whose brooding
hours are seven,
To whom the voices of all rest are given,
And those few stars whose scattered names
are told,
Far off beyond the westward hills outrolled,
Darker than thou, more still, more dreamy
even,
The golden moon leans in the dusky
heaven,
And under her one star—a point of gold:
And all go slowly lingering toward the west,
As we go down forgetfully to our rest,
Weary of daytime, tired of noise and light:
Ah, it was time that thou should'st come;
for we
Were sore athirst, and had great need of thee,
Thou sweet physician, balmy-bosomed
Night.

LAMPMAN'S poetic apostrophe to a balmy, restful night, following upon the heats and worries of the day, may be paraphrased in the prose of the silver-tongued Flammarion, who says that the profound silence of a starry night presents an appropriate scene to our contemplative faculties, and that no other time is more propitious to the elevation of the mind towards the beauties of the heavens, for night is, in truth, "the hour of solitude in which the soul is regenerated in the universal peace."

Now, as the glowing month of September is one of the most suitable months for a contemplation of the splendours of the night sky, and as many of our readers are under country skies where these splendours may be best observed, it may be opportune to invite their attention especially, and that of others generally, to some of the advantages presented by this season of the year for learning something useful and pleasurable of the stars.

Carlyle in his old age stumbled because "somebody" had not taught him the constellations and made him at home in the starry heavens, "which," he exclaimed, "are always overhead, and which I do not half know to this day." The Sage of Chelsea spoke—nay, still speaks—for

thousands. Who is there who loves Nature and yet loves not the stars, possibly the most splendid exemplification of the works of Nature? Who does not on a brilliant starlight night almost involuntarily turn to look for familiar stars and conspicuous star groups, which as one's knowledge increases become more and more like old friends, and therefore, as they reappear from season to season, more and more welcome? Many a vigil has been less lonely, many a long ride or drive less irksome, and many a trackless voyage less dreary because the watcher or the traveller was able to commune, as it were, with well-known constellations or objects about which group mythological lore and legend, or which call to mind famous observers or discoveries in the work of research, or suggest passages in the poets, who have all loved the stars. One finds also that in coming to know the stars, he has greatly improved his ability to appreciate some of the finest passages and most beautiful illustrations to be found in the verse of our best writers. Milton and Tennyson, for example, have almost countless astronomical allusions, the true beauty of which is perceptible only to one who has some knowledge of astronomy. The significance of even so simple a reference as that by Tennyson to the Charioteer and starry Gemini when they "hung like glorious crowns o'er Orion's grave low in the west," is unfortunately lost on many readers. To one who knows something of the stars it indicates the time of the year, as does also to the wildflower lover the reference to the "shining daffodil dead." How many readers of the lines referring to

"A single misty star
Which is the second in a line of stars
That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,"

know where to find that misty star in Orion, as misty now as when Merlin

dreamed of "some vast charm concluded in that star?" Lampman, our own Canadian poet of Nature, found a constant source of inspiration in the starry firmament, as his many astronomical allusions show, allusions to which a very slight knowledge of the heavens lends new meaning.

Naturally, to the surprise of an ordinary townbred observer who finds himself under the broad blue-black sky of Muskoka, for instance, the stars seem nearer, because brighter than in the city, and myriads more in number. Truly, for him the floor of heaven becomes "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." Undisturbed by passers-by and other distractions, he can enjoy the almost intense silence and the opportunity to think connectedly of what he sees—and in the whirl of this busy age the opportunity to think is fast becoming a luxury. He recognizes by its steady glow some bright celestial object as a planet, which reminds him that he has read that it belongs to the same "family" as the earth, that it is lighted and warmed by the same sun and revolves about it in the same way that he knows the earth moves. All the twinkling stars he knows, in a vague way, are suns, in comparison with many of which our own source of life, light, heat and activity is but as a taper compared with an electric lamp.

A practical working knowledge of the stars is by no means difficult to attain. A starting point on the sky is all that is really necessary. Anyone who can find the Great Dipper is quite competent to make a good beginning, and as one's acquaintanceship widens from night to night, one soon becomes familiar with the chief constellations, star groups, clusters, nebulae, and double, triple and multiple suns of all hues and colours which bedeck and lend variety to the vault of heaven. Contrary to the general impression, no instrument or mathematical skill is required by the beginner, though an opera-glass would be found to be of assistance in "picking up" many objects.

Our Canadian skies are famous for their clearness and suitability for astro-

nomical work and constellation study. A good opera or field glass and a planisphere or elementary manual are not expensive, and their use, if only for a few minutes every fine night will prove most helpful and enjoyable, and not to oneself alone, but to others, for the star-gazer is always willing to share his knowledge with and impart some of his enthusiasm to his friends. Of course, a glass is not necessary in order to learn the constellations, but, as already mentioned, it is of assistance in picking out the interesting features of the constellations, such as double stars, star clusters, nebulae, etc.; to one who has never seen the moon except with the naked eye, a good opera or field glass will afford a revelation. A note-book should be kept and a record made, as carefully and accurately as possible, of anything remarkable which may occur, such as a peculiar sunset, a brilliant meteor or shooting-star, a display of Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights, a mirage—anything which may appear to be unusual. Let anyone try the experiment, and see how much it adds to his pleasure and interest in the natural phenomena by which he is surrounded.

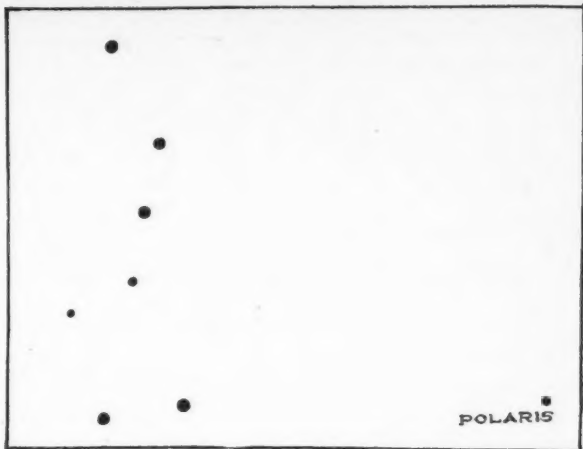
It is a stately procession which passes us as the stars go trooping across the sky, a procession which lasts a year. Even the casual observer will notice that any star he may be watching rises earlier and earlier from night to night. As a matter of fact, it rises about four minutes earlier. For this reason, any star which rises at nine o'clock to-night will rise to-morrow at 8.56, on the following night at 8.52, and so on, four minutes earlier each day throughout the year, so that a star which rises at nine o'clock on the first of September will rise at seven o'clock, or thereabouts, on the first of October, and at five on the first of November, making a gain of two hours a month, or twenty-four for the year, exactly one day, so that on the first of September next year we shall see the very same skies and constellations that we see on the first of September this year.

Let us suppose that the writer is asked to guide a party of beginners in star-study through a few of the constellations in the early autumn sky. We may commence by taking any star as our starting point, but perhaps the best star is Polaris, the North Star, an object not remarkable in any way in appearance, that is as to brilliance or colour, but which is the pivot of our heavens, on which the whole

northern sky apparently turns. This object may be found by drawing an imaginary line on the sky through what are known as the "pointers" of the Great Dipper, these being the two stars farthest away from the "handle." On the first of September at nine o'clock the Dipper will be found in the north-western sky. Produce the line through the pointers upwards about four times the distance between those stars and we arrive at Polaris, "the Star of the Sailor."

If we watch the sky, if only for a few minutes, every clear night, we shall see that, while all the other stars in the heavens change their places from hour to hour, this one alone is stationary, and that the others move in a circle around it from east to west. Of course, if we stop to think, we know that it is the earth which is moving and not the stars, but for the sake of simplicity and brevity we speak of the stars as they appear to us, that is, as themselves rising above the eastern horizon and moving across the sky.

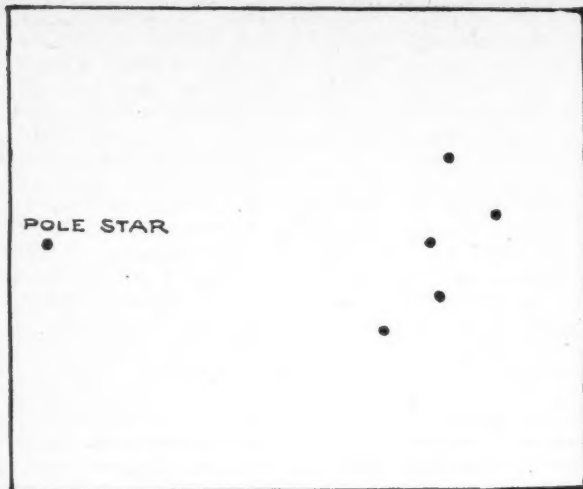
Now that the Dipper and the Pole Star are identified, the next most prominent object in the northern heavens will be found directly on the opposite side of Polaris to which the Dipper lies, and at about the same distance from it, the Constellation of Cas-



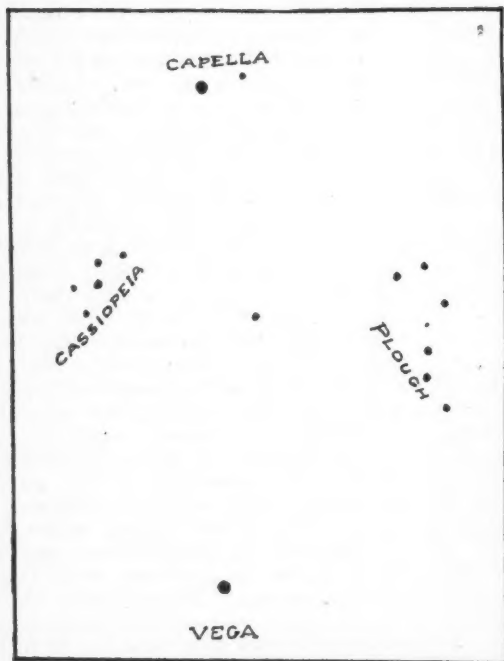
THE GREAT DIPPER AND THE NORTH STAR

siopeia, the five bright stars of which it is composed forming a great, though irregularly shaped, W.

Now, if we look almost overhead, but a little west of the meridian (which is an imaginary line drawn on the sky from north to south, and passing directly overhead), a bright bluish star will be seen and two fainter ones close by, which with it forms an equal-sided triangle. The bright star is Vega, in the Constellation of the Lyre. Then, if we can see down to the northern horizon, a little east of the meridian, we shall see another bright star, Capella, in the Constellation of Auriga. Now we have four starting points, from which we may find any constellation in the heavens. The next diagram should be held overhead, so as to bring Capella to the north, when the relative positions of the Dipper, Cassiopeia, Vega and Polaris will at once be seen. To us in Canada, these constellations and all the stars embraced within a line drawn around their boundaries, and known as "Circumpolar Constellations," are always visible, as they never pass below our horizon. The diagrams of necessity show only the most prominent stars in each constellation. As a proof of how little they really do show, it may be mentioned that Cassiopeia has fifty-five stars visible to the naked



THE "W" IN CASSIOPEIA



THE FOUR BRIGHTEST STARS NEAR POLARIS

eye, whereas the diagram shows only five. Once the characteristic stars of a constellation become familiar to the observer, however, he will not find it to be at all difficult, if he desires to do so, to come to a better knowledge of its less prominent features, with the aid of easily procured books and charts.

Now we turn to a group about half-way between the zenith, that is the point directly overhead, and the western horizon, and find a group of small stars.

This is Boötes, the Bear Driver, so called because he appears to chase (around the Pole) the Great Bear, a vast constellation of which the Dipper forms the most conspicuous part. The beautiful first-magnitude star in this group, Arcturus, is one of the brightest in the heavens, and may be quickly found by following the direction of a line passing through the two outermost stars in the handle of the Dipper.

Almost touching Boötes there is a semi-circle of stars, the lovely little constellation of the Northern Crown (Corona Borealis).

One of the most interesting constellations in the sky may be seen between Vega and the Crown, Hercules—interesting, however, not by reason of any unusual features in the stars of which it is

composed, but for a remarkable star-cluster lying between the stars Eta and Zeta (p. 407), forming the western side of the quadrilateral figure known as the "Flower-pot." This cluster, which may sometimes be seen with the naked eye on a clear night as a hazy spot, is one of the wonders of the sky, being really a cluster of suns about fourteen thousand in number, as computed by Sir William Herschel, and appearing in a telescope like bright needle points.

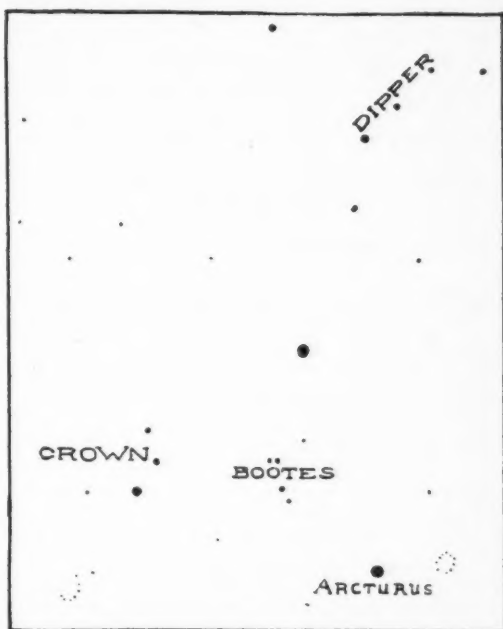
Near the south-western horizon a fiery red star is seen, Antares, Scorpion's Heart (p. 406). The Constellation Scorpio lies with head to the west and tail upraised toward the east. In the days of the astrologers, Antares was regarded as exercising a sinister influence, portending war, tempests, plague or some other misfortune to humanity. An opera-glass shows a pretty pair of stars below Beta. Lampman has several references to the constellation:

"Antares from the Scorpion
burns afar,
With surge and baleful gleam,
the fierce red star."

"Lustrous and large out of the
gathering drouth
the baleful Scorpion
Trails her dim fires along the
droused south."

The Serpent outline is easy to follow, the head, a little triangle of stars, lying south of the Crown. The line of stars trails first towards the south, then to the east, crossing the Constellation of Ophiuchus, the Serpent-bearer (p. 408), who stands on the Scorpion's back holding the writhing snake. Ophiuchus is said to commemorate Æsculapius, the father of medical knowledge. He was so skilful a physician that he restored the dead to life, which caused Pluto to complain to Jupiter that his domain would soon be depopulated if

this quite unprofessional conduct was persisted in by the physician. Jupiter was a deity not to be trifled with, and he at once put an end to the medical career of the offender by striking him with a thunderbolt. However, his conscience must have troubled him afterward, for he finally placed him among the constellations, which was probably soothing to the injured feelings of the late physician. Æsculapius was believed to have frequently in



BOÖTES, THE BEAR DRIVER, AND THE NORTHERN CROWN

his lifetime assumed the form of a serpent, and perhaps for this reason it is that he is always represented as a man struggling with a serpent.

A little west of south, lying between Scorpio and the meridian, will be seen the Constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer (p. 408), who in mythological charts was represented as a centaur, a creature with the head and shoulders of a man and the body and legs of a horse, aiming an arrow at the Scorpion's



THE CONSTELLATION OF THE SCORPION

heart, Antares. This region of the sky is full of fine objects for the opera-glass observer. Downward, and a little to the right of Mu (μ) there is a cluster, and upwards and a little to the left of the same star another.

We have visible in September, at nine o'clock or thereabouts, six first-magnitude stars, Capella in the north, white in colour; Vega overhead, electric blue; Arcturus, orange red; Antares, red, and two not yet mentioned, Altair in the Eagle, a pale yellow star, on the meridian to the south, and Fomalhaut just rising in the southeast, of a reddish tint. The magnitude of a star, it must be remembered, refers to its apparent brilliance as seen by us, and not to the real size of the object.

The writer can hear quite distinctly an impatient comment from the usually gentle reader: "Of course, I would like to know the stars and something about them, but why in the name of Betsy Trotwood have such names been attached to them? Why the Lyre for a triangle? Why Cassiopeia for a capital W? Why Hercules for an object which you confess looks, or part of it does, like a flower-pot?

Why names which have not the slightest resemblance to the groups in which the stars seem to be naturally arranged?" In reply to this the humble scribe can only reply that there is a voluminous amount of mythology connected with the stars and their names, but that this mythology, while it is interesting from one point of view, is of little assistance in helping a beginner to a practical knowledge of the heavens. The mythology connected with star names will be touched upon when speaking of the features of the constellations in detail, not because it has any value as a practical help in star study, but for the sake of knowing something of

what the ancients thought they knew about the heavens. For instance there is a little group now very near the horizon, Berenice's Hair, so named, the story goes, in honour of the young Egyptian Queen Berenice, who in gratitude for a victory won by her husband, sacrificed her magnificent hair as an offering to Venus. During the night the precious locks disappeared from the shrine where they had been placed, and great consternation reigned, diligent search being made for the missing treasure, but without success. The Court Astronomer was then consulted, and he must have been, like Kipling's sailor-man, "a person of infinite resource and sagacity," for he at once solved the mystery by pointing to a very inconspicuous and hitherto unnoticed little star group which, he solemnly averred, was the offering stolen by Jupiter from Venus and placed in the sky by him. This plausible explanation was accepted without question, all parties being satisfied, the queen delighted with the compliment of the great god, and the reputation of the astute astronomer higher than ever. Now, all that can be seen of

Berenice's Hair with the naked eye are a few insignificant stars and a rather misty-looking spot. The story, though interesting as a curiosity of tradition, is of no assistance in finding the constellation or of studying it when found. The prosaic telescope must be employed in order that the real wonder of the group may be revealed—a great spiral nebulous mass of suns, lying at an enormous distance. A similar state of facts exists respecting most of the other constellations and their legendary stories. It is well, then, to drop from our minds the expectation of seeing anything that really looks like a ram, or a bull, or a lion in the sky, and be content to take it for granted that the early astronomers who named them saw, or fancied they saw, a resemblance to the objects with which they were most familiar. As a matter of fact, the amateur who identifies all the groups mentioned in this paper has made substantial progress towards a knowledge of the constellations, a knowledge which will be of more real service to him than a familiarity with the "fairy tales" of the heavens and their application to each identical star.

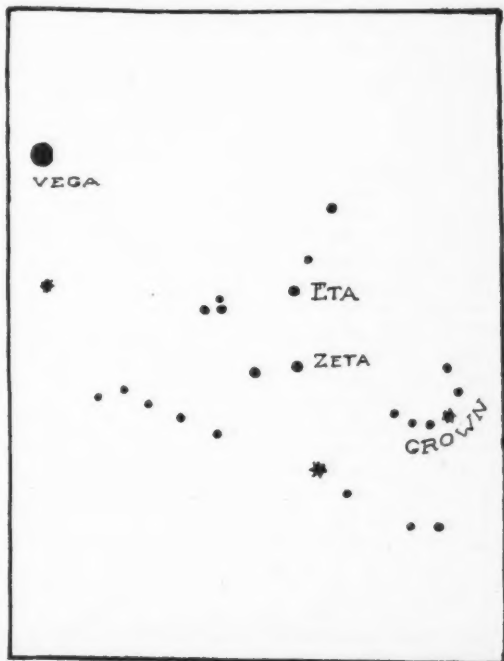
SEPTEMBER PREDICTIONS

For those of our readers who are sufficiently interested to attempt a little practical work, and we hope they are many, we append the following predictions for the month of September:

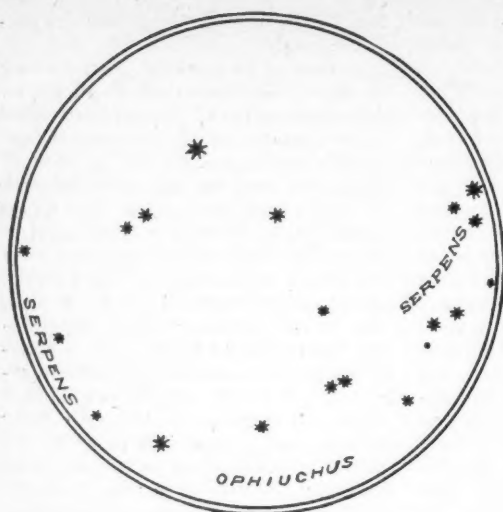
The moon will be new on the 2nd and full on the 17th, being called the "Harvest Moon," as, rising for several nights almost at sunset, she prolongs the working day for the harvesters in their busy season, instead of rising each evening, as is usually the case,

about fifty minutes later than the preceding night.

Jupiter is an evening star, blazing in the Constellation of Capricornus, due south, at dark. Jupiter is attended by five moons, and if your opera-glass reveals a glimpse of one or two of them, you may be well satisfied with its performance. A good field glass finds all four easily, not all at once, of course, for some of the satellites may be behind or directly in front of the planet, when they will not be visible. The moons change position very rapidly from night to night, so it is interesting to keep a record of these observations. It is not easy to realize that Jupiter, a member of our own solar system, and a near neighbour to the earth, in comparison with the fixed stars, is 1300 times larger than the earth, his diameter being some 90,000 miles. Although this planet lies so far from the parent sun, receiving, therefore,



THE CONSTELLATION OF HERCULES



SERPENS AND OPHIUCHUS

much less light than Venus, the earth or Mars, it often shines with a greater lustre than even Venus, owing to its superior size. The orbit of Jupiter is enormous, twelve years being the time required for it to make its journey around the sun. Jupiter has retained much of his original heat, and the surface of the planet has not cooled to solidity. It is the scene of constant convulsions of nature, tornadoes and cyclones, in comparison with which a terrestrial hurricane is as a zephyr. Presumably, there can be no life on Jupiter. There are many interesting markings on the planet, but few that our friend the opera-glass can reveal. The bright disc is mottled with belts, formed of cloud-masses, irregular in outline and variously coloured. By watching their motion the time of rotation has been determined as being about ten hours. Of

the moons, the largest is comparable in size with Mars, while the smallest is the size of our own Queen of the Night. This is truly a planetary family on a magnificent scale!

Saturn is also an evening star, lying in the Constellation of Sagittarius, not far from Jupiter. Saturn is perhaps the most interesting object to the amateur observer, but a telescope is required to see his magnificent system of rings and nine little moons. The orbit of the planet, which is six hundred times as large as that of the earth, lies far outside of Jupiter's track, twenty-nine years being required to complete his journey around the sun.

Mercury may be seen by a sharp-eyed observer for a few evenings before and after the 24th of the month, just after sunset, and a little south of the point where the sun disappears. He lies so close to the sun that, being im-



THE CONSTELLATION OF SAGITTARIUS

mersed in the flood of light surrounding it, he is only visible when at his furthest distance from the sun, and just before sunrise or after sunset. Once caught sight of, however, there is no mistaking the ruddy planet as it dances and twinkles over the horizon.

Venus and Mars are morning stars, Venus lying near Regulus in Leo on the 12th, with Mars, a ruddy, compact little orb, above Venus.

Summer descends from her throne and Autumn reigns in her stead on the 24th, when the sun enters Libra, crossing the equator on his way south.

The constellations on the meridian at midnight are: Cepheus, Pegasus, Aquarius and Pisces Australis, the splendid star Fomalhaut in the latter constellation glowing like a great lamp in the south.

SONG OF THE SHADOW

A SHADOW-LIFE and shadow-dance
I live within a world of chance.

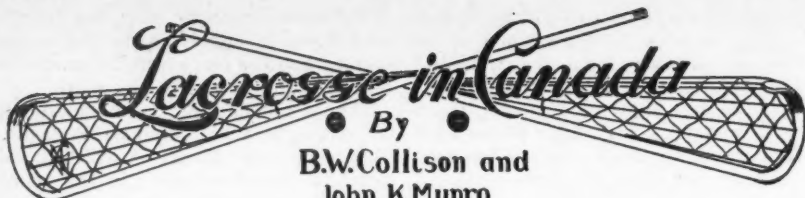
Eternal wanderer am I
Across the earth and sea and sky;
Without a goal, with a home,
My fate forever is to roam—
Forever on my course to go
From golden dawn till after-glow.

Within dim temples I abide
Where Truth and Beauty e'er confide;
I grace the dark cathedral loft
And hear strange music wander soft
Above the cloistral aisles of stone
Where pilgrim stands enrapt, alone,—
A vision in his soul there wrought,
Some presence that he long has sought.
'Tis here where towering pillars rise
Beyond all glory of surmise,
I wind and wind forever 'round
The vaults and arches from whence sound
The lyric of the days gone by
And joys that oft recur to die.

Where is my home? I ask and seek—
Unstable will—at morn to wreak
My anger on the purple hills
And Day that every valley fills.
Unwearied still, when Time is through,
Some path again I tread anew,
As in the old, old happy June
When all the world went to the tune
The trysting birds played out so well
Within some chantry of the dell.

'Tis mine to suffer naught of fears
That mark the rising, falling years;
Without a harbour for my sail
I onward flit upon some trail;
Far out my skiff moves toward the night,
While all around a golden light
Sings peace to drifting memories,
Afloat upon the sunset seas.

Inglis Morse



Lacrosse in Canada

• By •
B.W. Collison and
John. K. Munro

I—ITS HISTORY AND THE N.A.L.U.

By B. W. Collison

WHEN the French saw their Savage Allies play their native game of ball, they gave it the name "La Crosse"—the bat—on account of the peculiarly-shaped stick used, and ever since that time the stick has been called "Crosse," and the game has been known as "Lacrosse." This, however, was not the name used among the Indians until recent years. Originally each tribe designated the game by its own peculiar word for our word "ball." In the tongue of the Iroquois this name was "Tehontshik(8)aheks"; in the tongue of the Ojibways, "Baggataway," and in the tongue of the Algonquin, "Teiontsesiksaheks." The stick was called "Teionstikwahektawa," in the tongue of the Iroquois, and the goal posts were known in their dialect by the word "Toohe nosetoohokla."

The "Crosse," as far back as we can trace, was similar to that used to-day, only flat and stiff, being strung with either deerskin, catskin or veins from the cow's back. The ball used was of different kinds, generally it was a piece of deerskin, stuffed with hair and sewed up with the sinews of some wild animal. The most popular game, according to the stories of the Red Man who played some seventy-five years ago, was played with seven men on each side. The goal posts were between forty and fifty feet apart, and the games were reckoned by the number of times the ball was shot through these goals, the team scoring the first three out of five winning the match.

The great historical or traditional

games were played on the Indian anniversary days, which were celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and "when all wars and rumours of wars" were dropped temporarily in order to allow all the natives, both young and old, male and female, to witness the struggle for supremacy between the herculean and handsome young savages of the different tribes or villages on the ball field.

These games were, as a rule, between two native tribes or villages, and great were the preparations indulged in for months prior to the game. While it is a traditional fact that the knack of running, the agility, the strength of muscle, the grace of motion and the endurance which are so characteristic of the Indian, come as natural to him as his peculiar dialect, when the players who were to compete in these great matches were selected, they were compelled to deprive themselves of excesses of all kinds, eat very little, and do everything possible to harden themselves so as to be able to endure the great exertion which they would have to undergo on the day of the eventful struggle. It was as great an honour to the dusky gallant of those days to be selected as one of the players to compete in one of these great matches, as it ever was for the Grecian youth to wear the historic crown of olives at the Olympian games.

The field upon which these anniversary games were played varied in length all the way from five hundred yards to half a mile, according to the

number playing, and as there never was a set number on each team as at the present time, the length of the field was never a fixed quantity. The referee, or "game director," as he was then called, was usually a chief of some disinterested tribe or village, and the only rules governing the game were such as were laid down by him in a "pow-wow" with the players before the beginning of the match. After the players had taken their respective positions, he put the ball into play by throwing it up in the air, or by placing it at a marked place in the centre of the field, whichever method was previously decided upon, and at a word from him the peculiar lassitude and indifference exhibited by each player during the preparations, would drop from him and be replaced by a fiery energy which he would give vent to by rushing pell-mell after the ball. There was no system whatever practised, and as a rule the fleetest runner would succeed in getting the ball. The art of dodging was seldom indulged in, the player would run with or bat the ball until caught, when he would throw it as far as possible in the direction of his goal. If the custom of the best three in five was not decided upon, several chiefs, usually old players, kept count of the games by means of ten small sticks, which they pulled out one at a time when the ball was shot past the goals, replacing one to count eleven when they got to ten. Matches consisted of ten, twenty and even one hundred games, and would often last two or three days. The braves who were away on the chase or warpath always looked forward to the great anniversaries. Although as a rule there was not a very large quantity of "wampum" to be staked, the men wagered their clothes and the women their shawls, rings, ear-rings and necklaces on the result. A stand was built at one side of the field, and the articles of about the same price or value which constituted the different "bets," were tied together and placed on this stand under the supervision of several old chiefs. When the match was over and

the result declared, those who had won the stakes took everything, the losers often going home almost naked.

To the Indian the faculty of playing the game of his savage forefathers comes as natural as his "sago," and it is hard to find one without an aptitude for the game. We cannot but realize the truth of this fact when upon visiting the reservations of Caughnawaga, St. Regis and Cornwall Island to-day we see the adroitness with which the young Indian manipulates the "Crosse," which is put into his hand by his wise and wily father as soon as he is unstrapped and taken from the "korhoun."

Lacrosse with these original "lords of our soil and masters of our domain," was not only a means of amusement and pastime as it is with the young men who take part in the game at present, but was also a means for the physical development and training of the noble young warrior who might be called upon at any time to ward off the attack of an hostile tribe upon his native city.

This game and training, while it was only sport to the untutored gallant of those days, was a much too violent exercise for the paleface to endure. It, however, exhibited many ideas which completely captivated a few whites, fore-



A FORWARD THROW



THE GOALKEEPER RELIEVES

most among whom was the late Dr. W. Geo. Beers, of Montreal, who devoted much time in investigating the merits of the game, and in 1850 he first proposed it as one suitable to the Canadian youth, and published through the medium of the press several letters setting out its fundamental principles as they suggested themselves to him. He was rewarded by receiving answers from all parts of the country from men who, falling in with his ideas, were only too willing to take up the work and assist him in establishing it on a firm footing. He afterwards arranged several exhibition matches in Montreal between the Caughnawaga Indians. As a result a Montreal Club was organized about 1850, to take up the game, and remodel, amend, and play it in a manner acceptable to the whites. A number of matches were then played with the Indians, only one of which, however, the Montrealers were able to win.

The early life of the new Club was, indeed, not a very promising one. The man who was behind the movement, nothing daunted, kept up his propaganda, and finally through the influence of his indomitable, hopeful spirit, his resourceful methods and administrative abilities, the ultimate success of the game was accomplished, and on the day on which the different

provinces of Canada were united into one grand Dominion—July 1st, 1867—the game Lacrosse was established as the national game of the New Dominion.

In the early part of 1860, owing to the success of the Montreal Club, meagre as it was, several other clubs were organized in the city, the principal of which were the Hochelaga and Beavers. A number of matches were played between these clubs, but the first real stage of prosperity began when the Hochelaga and Montreal Clubs amalgamated under the name of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. Upon the visit of our present King, then the Prince of Wales, to Montreal in 1861, it was proposed to have a match played before His Royal Highness between the Montreal and Beaver Clubs and the Caughnawaga Indians. The game proved to be a very interesting one and was fought very stubbornly by both teams. It ended, however, in a dispute in which the Indians were at fault, and the match was awarded to the whites. Shortly after this the nucleus of a club was formed in Ottawa through the efforts of a Montreal enthusiast, and it was not long before arrangements were made for a match to be played in Cornwall between the newly organized Club and a picked team from the Montreal and Beaver Clubs, which when played re-

sulted in a decisive victory for the Ottawa Club. This outside competition instilled new life into the game, and in September, 1867, a convention of representatives of the different clubs then in Canada was called for the purpose of organizing an association, draw up a constitution, and decide upon a set of rules for the government of the game. The Convention met in Kingston September 26th, 1867, and as a result the "National Amateur Lacrosse Association of Canada" was organized. With the inauguration of the new association the modern history of lacrosse practically begins.

It was not long before almost every city, town and village between Montreal and Toronto had organized a club and began playing the national game. The constitution of the association and the rules of the game as adopted at Kingston, however, did not find favour with all the new teams, and a reorganization meeting was held in Toronto on May 4th, 1876. At this meeting the original constitution and rules were revised and amended so as to meet, as far as possible, the requirements of all clubs represented. The Association has met from time to time ever since in either Toronto, Montreal, Cornwall or Quebec, and although many amendments have been made, the rules are practically the same as those adopted in 1876.

By no means the least noteworthy feature in the growth of the popularity of the game has been the visits of Canadian teams to Great Britain and Ireland. On three different occasions have these trips been made since the formation of the N.A.L.A. The first was made in 1876, under the personal management of Dr. Beers, and so suc-

cessful and far-reaching were the results of the adventure that in 1883 he again undertook the enterprise, not only taking a team of white gentlemen as he did on the previous occasion, but a team of Caughnawaga Indians as well. The success of this visit was even greater than that of the first, the teams playing a special match before our late beloved Queen at Windsor Castle, where they were afterwards entertained at luncheon and each player presented by Her Majesty with a photograph of herself. A third visit was made by the Toronto Lacrosse Club of Toronto during the present year. As the result of the visits of the Canadian teams in 1876 and 1883, a team from Ireland made a return visit to Canada in 1887, and played a series of matches in Montreal, in which, however, they were wholly outclassed, as they had opposed to them a combination of the best players of the principal teams in Canada at that time.

Prior to the year 1888, all matches were decided in favour of the team scoring the first three goals out of five, and in case of darkness intervening, in favour of the team which had scored two goals to their opponents' nothing. With the great advancement which had been made in the science of the

game, however, it often occurred that one team would take another entirely by surprise and succeed in scoring the required number of goals before the crowd of anxious spectators had taken their seats on the stand. This fact caused considerable dissatisfaction among the followers of the teams and at the annual meeting of the N.A.L.A. held at Cornwall in 1888 a slight deviation was made in



WATCHING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY

this respect, the rules being amended so as to guarantee a certain length of time for playing the match, the team scoring the greater number of goals before the expiration of that time to be declared the winner.

In 1887 the Toronto Lacrosse Club seceded from the N.A.L.A. and together with several other Clubs in Western Ontario organized the "Canadian Lacrosse Association" and although the new Association did much towards popularizing the game further west, and is now a very prosperous one, it met with but little success at first and in the year 1889 the Torontos were again back with the Eastern Teams.

The Cornwalls for the first time became champions of the world in the year 1887, and no team that ever competed for championship honours, not only in Lacrosse but any amateur sport, deserved more credit. In a town of some seven thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom were factory hands who worked incessantly from early morn until late at night, week in and week out, systematic practice had been almost an impossibility. The Club, however, notwithstanding all the difficulties which it had to contend with, competed for intermediate honours, the old Brockville team being its strongest opponent and winning out in the season of 1886, entered the Senior series in 1888, and with a team composed of strictly homebred players, landed the world's championship.

In 1889, the Capitals, Cornwalls, Shamrocks, Montrealers, and Torontos, decided to break away from the moribund N.A.L.A., and at a meeting of delegates of their respective teams held in Montreal "The National Amateur Lacrosse Union" was organized, and it has since controlled the destinies of these teams, meeting annually for the purpose of amending the laws of the game and drawing up a schedule of matches. The personnel of the Union has been almost the same since organization. In 1898 the Montrealers dropped out and their place was taken by the Nationals, another Montreal

team. In 1899, the Montrealers were again admitted and with them the Quebec and Sherbrooke teams. This, however, made the series entirely too long and with the year 1900, Quebec and Sherbrooke dropped out and again entered the Interprovincial series.

A list of the clubs winning the championship of the N.A.L.U. since its organization may not be amiss here and I will give it briefly :

1889, Montrealers	1895, Capitals
1890, Cornwall	1896, Capitals
1891, Cornwall	1897, Capitals
1892, Shamrocks	1898, Nationals
1893, Capitals	1899, Shamrocks
1894, Shamrocks	1900, Capitals
1901, Shamrocks	

The Indians have now practically abandoned their old style of play and have adopted the rules as laid down by the whites and compete yearly for a banner representative of the Indian Championship of the world. The first match for the possession of this banner was played in Montreal in the year 1880, between the Caughnawaga and St. Regis Indians, and was won by the former who held it until the year 1883, when the Cornwall Island team won it from them, holding it ever since. A convention of delegates representing the different Indian teams met at Caughnawaga in the year 1893 for the purpose of organizing an association or league similar to the N.A.L.U., but for some reason the project was not carried out until 1900 when the "National Indian Lacrosse Association" was formed, and a schedule of games between the Cornwall Island, Snye and St. Regis teams was decided upon. The Cornwall Island team has won the championship of this League for the seasons of 1900 and 1901, playing through the season of 1901 without a single defeat and are now the undisputed Indian champions of the world.

Nothing perhaps has won more esteem for lacrosse than its moral tendencies, and the necessity it involves of abstaining from habits which are only too often associated with other games. The nature of the game in

itself is such that it will not permit indulgence in liquor or tobacco, and one night's dissipation has been proven to counteract at least two weeks of hard, steady training. It always has been and still is denounced by a certain class as one of the abominations that is sapping the foundations of the social system and undermining the morals of the rising generations. But true to their narrow conceptions of right and wrong, these people refuse to regard it apart from the associations by which, like all other games or means of recreation, it is sometimes beset, and through the very vehemence of their opposition materially aid in establishing it in more public favour.

The game is, in itself, susceptible of constant improvement, as has been shown by the changes made from year to year since it became a white man's game. Many of the old players will remember the uncouth, peculiarly-shaped, flat stiff sticks used, when the game first became popular with the whites, and which, if used to-day, would make the player weep with vexation. And when they contrast these with the elegantly fashioned clock-cord sticks of to-day, with which direction and force can be calculated almost to the fraction, they must agree that the game has improved wonderfully.

Lacrosse differs materially from all other field games, in that it is at all times fascinating, lively, and full of exciting incidents. Its aspects are so vacillating and its situations so changeable that no one moment of play is like the one which preceded it; different players are handling the ball in different manners, and every circumstance in the field as well as every crisis at the goals has a certain fascination of novelty about it. Indeed there are few more striking sights than those presented upon a lacrosse

field, where the athletic prowess of the competing team takes the form of mimic warfare, well calculated to thrill the spectators and stir the blood of the old veterans. The players are always on the go, so to speak, and no one player or either of the competing teams has time to sit down and rest, or on the other hand, have they a monopoly of the play. It is so arranged as to afford the same privileges of play to either team, and on this account the interest and excitement is kept up continuously, and the result is always in the balance. The system of play is of such a nature that it is scarcely less interesting to the spectator than to the participant. It is all before the eye, and any person, even a child, witnessing a match can grasp at a glance its object, and can at any time know the exact situation.

The genuine worth of any physical recreation is in keeping the physical above the mental, for once the mind is paramount to the body the object of bodily exercise is frustrated, and as regards the action of lacrosse upon the body or muscular anatomy of man there can be no doubt. The motions gone through in indulging in the pastime reach every part of the body and operate upon every sinew, tendon, joint and muscle of the system, completely dispelling langour and inactivity from the frame. The tension of the muscles is tested, and the blood flowing sluggishly in remote and undisturbed portions is urged and quickened in its circulation by the relaxing and contracting muscles. It stirs up the innermost recesses of a man's nervous system, and every muscle, nerve,



A FACE-OFF

vein and artery is set tingling with pleasing excitement. It educates the body to speed and agility, and gives a player a feeling of freshness and lightness which is the true sign of good health. It knocks timidity and nonsense out of a young man, trains him to confidence, temperance and pluck, and teaches him to govern his temper if he has too much, and to rouse it if he has too little. It develops judgment and calculation, promptness and decision. In short, its moral, physical, and social influences are beyond dispute, and this fact contributes greatly to its masterly results.

Notwithstanding this popularity and the great success of the game, there are two objections being urged against it the last few years, namely, the great exertion of the players and the prominence of rough play. In regard to the former, I think I can state, without fear of contradiction, that the player who plays scientifically does not, by any means, over-exert himself; in fact, young men who have played lacrosse in summer, football in the fall, and hockey in the winter, inform us that the exertion put forth in football and hockey is much more trying than that put forth in lacrosse. Allowing, however, that it does require considerable exertion, hard work, although done on a lacrosse field, should be no great drawback as long as there are no bad results, and those who have played the game for years are unanimous in the verdict that they have

never had any after-effects which they could attribute to the hard work or exertion put forth on the lacrosse field, and, as a rule, the best preserved and finest types of men we see on our streets to-day are those who at some time or other were proud candidates on some one or other of the earlier teams. In regard to the latter charge, however, I cannot but agree that roughness has become much too prominent the last few years, and there is nothing that so deteriorates the general character of the game and so vitally concerns its future prosperity. If we wish to retain the game in its present status of science, the rough play will have to be eliminated, and the best and in fact the only way in which this end can be accomplished, is by the appointment of good efficient men to act in the capacity of referees at all the matches. If they enforce the rules as they should, it will only be a question of a short time until this great detriment will be abolished and the player who "uses his head" to the greatest advantage will be the victorious one.

A very important feature in the history of the game last season was the inauguration of the "Minto Trophy," emblematic of the lacrosse championship of the world, which was generously donated by His Excellency the Earl of Minto.

At the suggestion of His Excellency, the first match for the pos-



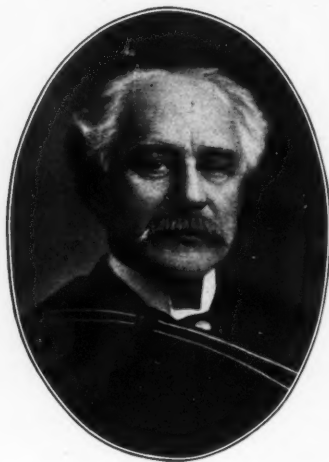
THE N.A.L.A. BANNER OF 1867



AN INDIAN TEAM OF SOME YEARS AGO—CORNWALL ISLAND



W. K. McNAUGHT, ESQ., TORONTO—A VETERAN LACROSSE PLAYER



DR. W. GEORGE BEERS, THE "FATHER OF LACROSSE" IN CANADA

session of the trophy was played in Ottawa on Sept. 20th, before their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, between the Capitals, the champions of the "N.A.L.U." for the season of 1900, and the Cornwalls, the leaders of the series for the season of 1901, and was won by the Capitals by a score of 4 to 2. The game was witnessed by all the Royal party as well as Lord and Lady Minto, His Royal Highness facing the ball. It was without a doubt a battle-royal in which His Royal Highness showed great interest, and upon being presented with a handsome stick and new ball after the game, positively refused to accept any ball but that with which the game had been played, as he wished to put it among his much-prized collection of souvenirs. Shortly after this match, upon the Shamrocks winning the championship of the N.A.L.U. series for 1901, the coveted trophy was handed over to them and they now hold it. The com-

petition for the trophy is regulated by trustees, appointed by His Excellency the Governor-General, and a team winning the championship of any recognized senior league is at liberty to challenge and play a series of games for its possession. Late in the season as it was, when the Shamrocks obtained the cup, they were called upon to defend it by the Y.M.C.A. Club, of Vancouver, who came east and played in Montreal. The Shamrocks, however, had no difficulty in defeating them the first two games and retaining the cup. They were again called upon to defend the Trophy this season by the New Westminster team which came east and played in Montreal on June 28th and July 1st. Both matches were very evenly contested and the Westerners proved themselves worthy exponents of the game, but were defeated in both games by a good margin and the Shamrocks are still the proud possessors of the Trophy and the recognized champions of the lacrosse world.



THE CANADIAN LACROSSE TEAM WHICH VISITED GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND IN 1883.
DR. BEERS IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP

II—THE NEWER ASSOCIATIONS

John K. Munro

WHEN you travel westward from the Ottawa River and leave the historic N.A.L.U. behind, you drop memories and pick up substance. The younger lacrosse associations are not rich in literature or the raw material used in its manufacture, but they are strong numerically, and powerful factors in the upbuilding of the sport that is national, not so much because it has been officially declared so as because it is indigenous to the youth of Canada, spreading with them away out across the prairies to the Pacific, and successfully fighting all those frosts and droughts that would prove fatal to a less hardy sport.

CANADIAN LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

The Canadian Lacrosse Association, which takes in all Western Ontario, has not contributed much to history. It is only fifteen years old, and it has devoted those fifteen years to scattering lacrosse seed over the territory under

its charge; to fostering the younger clubs rather than helping the older ones write their names on the scroll of fame; to laying the solid foundation for what it knew was destined to be a splendid structure. To-day that structure is far from being complete, but already the "C.L.A." can boast that it is numerically the largest lacrosse association in the world.

Prior to 1887 all lacrosse in Ontario was under the jurisdiction of the National Amateur Lacrosse Association. The West was represented in the senior series by the Torontos and Ontarios, both of Toronto, while the rural territory was divided into intermediate districts, where such old-time clubs as the Dufferins, of Orangeville, the Athletics, of St. Catharines, Excelsiors, of Brampton, Lornes, of Mount Forest, Thistles, of Fergus, Orillia, Ontarios, of Port Hope, Peterboro, Barrie, Richmond Hill, Brantford, Woodstock and others fought and

bled for the honour of holding the championship flags. The legislation for all this lacrosse country was largely dealt out from Montreal, and there was a growing dissatisfaction over the trouble and expense of adjusting those disputes that must occasionally arise in playing a game so full of energy and absorbing interest as lacrosse. In the

November, under order of the Committee of Management, the Torontos and Ontarios met, and the match resulted in a victory for the Torontos, leaving Montreal and Torontos tied. Then on November 20th the Torontos played at Montreal, the match resulting in a draw after playing for two hours, Montreal having 1 game to Torontos



SHAMROCK LACROSSE TEAM, MONTREAL—PRESENT CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD

spring of 1887 the inevitable rupture came.

In the previous season the Toronto and Montreal Clubs finished the senior series as follows :

	Won.	Lost.	Draw.
Montreal ...	10	2	0
Toronto.....	9	0	1

The drawn match having been with the Ontario Lacrosse Club, on the 13th

none. The Committee of Management met and Torontos were ordered back to Montreal to play again on November 27th. On that date a foot of snow covered the ground. The Torontos had refused to go, so the Montreal Club lined up their team, scored 3 goals without opposition, and Mr. John Lewis, the referee, awarded the match to Montreal Club.



THE CORNWALL LACROSSE TEAM, 1901

Following this the Torontos appealed to the Council, claiming the season was not fit for lacrosse and that the vote of the Committee was illegal, as the Cornwall Club had not been represented, but had voted by telegraph. This appeal was discussed by the Council and the Torontos were fined \$50.00 and the championship awarded the Montreal Club.

The Annual Convention of the Association was held the following year at Montreal, when the Council's Report was presented, and a motion was made by Mr. Chas. Nelson and seconded by Dan. A. Rose, that the Report be not approved; this was defeated by a vote of 46 to 13.

Toronto straightway withdrew from the Association, paying the fine of \$50.00, and though a rivalry so keen as to almost amount to a feud existed between the two Toronto teams, the Ontarios went out with them, and all the intermediate teams in Western Ontario followed suit. On April 22nd, 1887, a meeting of delegates from these insurgent clubs was held in the Rossin House, Toronto, and the Canadian Lacrosse Association was formed, with twenty-three clubs on its membership list, and amongst the well-known stalwarts of lacrosse who were present we find Lt.-Col. R. B. Hamilton,

Dan. A. Rose, H. J. P. Good and J. D. Bailey, Toronto; Peter McMillan, Beaverton; E. W. Nesbitt, Woodstock; H. O'Loughlin, St. Catharines; and George Thompson, Orillia. Lt.-Col. R. B. Hamilton was elected President, with R. H. Gerry as Secretary-Treasurer. That was a red-letter day for lacrosse in the West, for the new association began to build from the



THE MINTO CUP—EMBLEMATIC OF WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

ground up. Senior, intermediate and junior series were formed, the teams being grouped according to their relative strength, and the result was keen competition in every part of the territory covered by the association and a steady growth in the general interest in the game and the number of clubs playing it.

In 1889 the Torontos, finding the senior company of the new association did not secure as large gate receipts as did the Montreal association, deserted it, and made their peace with the eastern association, and though they have since maintained a nominal mem-

elected executives whose interests were tied up in the smaller clubs. The results were the steady encouragement of the younger clubs, the splendid association of to-day, and the ultimate growth of a senior series that to-day numbers eight clubs, at least three or four of which play as fast lacrosse as can be seen anywhere on the globe, and also securing a most hearty support from the public.

But just a few figures to show the proportions to which the C.L.A. has grown and how it continues to prosper. In 1901 the association was made up of 73 clubs, 1,197 certificates



THE GAME PLAYED LAST YEAR AT OTTAWA BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK
CAPITALS VS CORNWALL. THE FACE-OFF

bership in the C.L.A., they have to all intents and purposes belonged to the N.A.L.U., as the National Association was renamed on their return to the fold. The Ontarios too passed out of existence, and the senior series has had a rather varied experience. Sometimes it was big and strong, taking in Orillia, Paris, Stratford, Seaforth, Brampton, Orangeville, St. Catharines, Fergus, Shelburne, Galt, Brantford and the Tecumsehs, who had sprung up in Toronto and taken the place of the deceased Ontarios; at others it almost ceased to exist. But the intermediate and junior series prospered always. The delegates from the smaller places dominated the annual conventions and

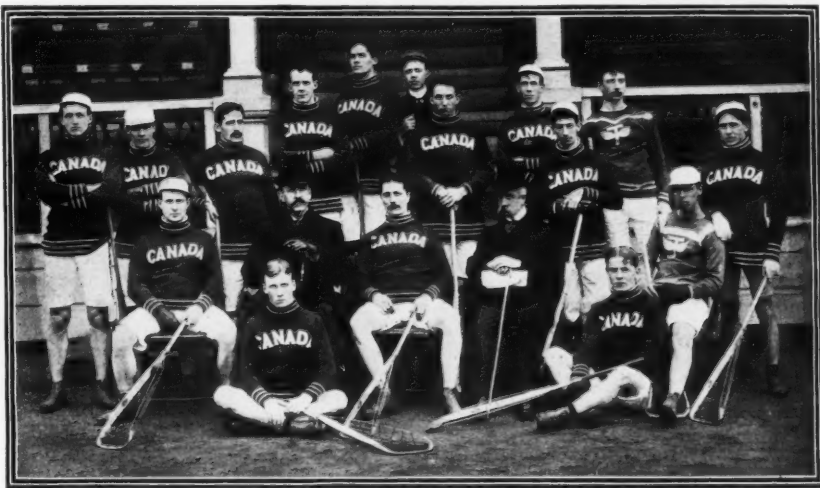
to members to play in championship matches were issued, while the total membership of the various clubs is estimated to have been not less than 4,000.

This year the clubs scheduled to play in the different series number 93, an increase of 20 for the year. As the time for issuing players' certificates does not expire till August the number that will be taken out can only be estimated, but they will number at least fifteen hundred, while the association must have a total membership not far short of 6,000 souls.

But no history of the C.L.A., however short, could be written without some space being given to the annual

conventions. These are held on Good Friday of each year, and are the annual reunions of the lacrosse people of Ontario. Then the old players and followers of the sport from all parts of the Province meet, and the games of other days are played again. The election of officers, too, takes on all the interest of a political campaign, while the speakers who take part in the many arguments show that the same energy and determination that made them successful lacrosse players has later in life made those same

and W. H. Hall, of Toronto, being the successful candidates, while a representative council of ten was selected from no less than twenty-five candidates. The 73 old and 20 new clubs which were represented at that convention are divided as follows: Senior, 8; Intermediate, 43; Junior, 42. The Seniors are divided into two districts: Brantford, Orangeville, St. Catharines and Tecumsehs of Toronto in one, and London, Woodstock, Paris and Stratford in the other. The Intermediate clubs are divided into nine districts,



THE TORONTO LACROSSE TEAM WHICH VISITED ENGLAND IN 1902 AND SUCCEEDED IN AROUSING MUCH ENTHUSIASM THERE. THEY HAD THE HONOUR OF PLAYING BEFORE THE KING

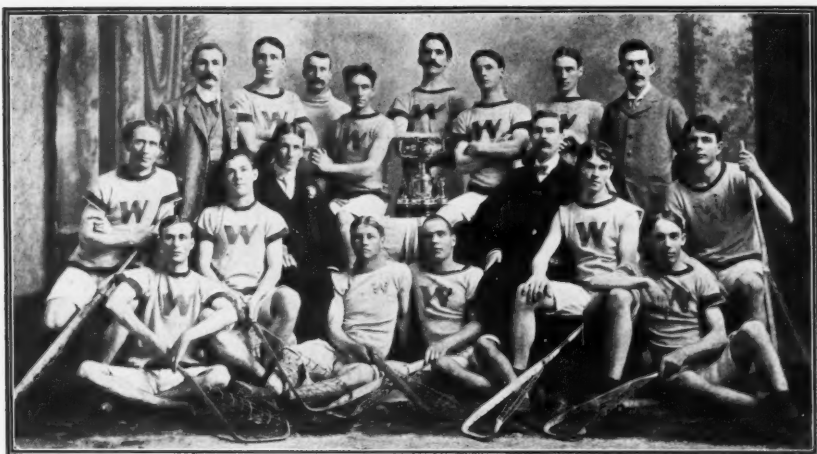
players successful men of the world.

At the convention held in Toronto on March 28th one hundred and seventy delegates took part, while the visitors without credentials swelled the audience in the convention hall to between four and five hundred. The election of officers was quieter than usual, C. R. McKeown, of Orangeville, and Francis Nelson, of Toronto, being elected President and Vice-President respectively by acclamation. However, there were warm fights for the second Vice-Presidency and Secretaryship, J. F. Lennox, of Stouffville,

and the Juniors also into nine districts.

The winners of districts in each series are drawn against each other, the losers dropping out till one is left—the champions for the season. Last year these contests resulted: Senior champions, Dufferins of Orangeville; Intermediate champions, Iroquois of Stratford; Junior champions, Bracebridge.

And the C.L.A. promises to keep on prospering. Its members are loyal to the core, and justly proud of the great organization they have built up. They claim that the seeds of lacrosse once planted in a community will never die.



THE WINNIPEG TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF MANITOBA, 1901

The plant may droop for a season only to blossom more fully the next. So they go on acquiring new territory, confident that the game can look after itself in the old. This year Sudbury, Coppercliff and other clubs away up in New Ontario have come into the fold, and the game is following the march of civilization well up into the wilds of Muskoka and Parry Sound. The lacrosse flags are flying wherever the Canadian flag is planted, and the mystic letters C.L.A. are something to conjure with over the most populous and prosperous portion of the banner Province of the Dominion.

WESTERN CANADA LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

Lacrosse has taken kindly to those great natural play-grounds the prairies of the West, and the shout of the lacrosse enthusiast may be heard from the time the last blizzard roars its farewell in the spring till the Red River is again covered with ice. Here the Western Canada Lacrosse Association holds sway, and its proud boast is that it controls more territory than any other lacrosse body on earth. Its domain is bounded on the east by Lake Superior, on the west by the Western limits of Manitoba, on the south by St. Paul and Minneapolis, and on the north by the horizon. It has a membership

of thirty-five clubs divided into Senior, Intermediate and Junior series. The President is J. W. Baker, and the Secretary-Treasurer R. H. Smith.

The national game found its way into Manitoba over thirty years ago, and in 1871 Prince Rupert's Lacrosse Club was organized in Winnipeg. But it was 1886 before the new Province had enough clubs to form an association. Then the Winnipeg teams, Minnedosa, Souris, Brandon and Portage la Prairie joined in organizing the Manitoba Lacrosse Association. Boom days in lacrosse followed, but in four years they had spent their fury. The association became disorganized, and though the game never entirely died out it was played only in occasional spurts till 1896. Then it had worked its way back into popular favour, and the Western Canada Lacrosse Association was organized with a total membership of three clubs, playing, of course, only one series. But the game had caught its feet again and the association grew and prospered, each season's contests carrying the interest further afield, till to-day the game is the most popular and widely played in the Prairie Province. For two years past the Winnipeg Lacrosse Club, one of the best known sporting organizations in the West, has succeeded in carrying off the Senior Championship



THE NEW WESTMINSTER TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

and with it the handsome Drewry Cup. Other clubs that have won Manitoba's premier lacrosse honours are: Victorias, Winnipeg, 1899; Hartney, 1898; Port Arthur, 1897; and Winnipeg, 1896.

The season of 1901 was the banner year for lacrosse in Manitoba, and as the game is peculiarly fitted to the strong, wiry youths who have made the prairie famous on the veldt of South Africa the promoters of the sport are enthusiastic over its prospects for the future.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AMATEUR LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

A dozen years ago the people of British Columbia took up lacrosse, and they did it with all their might. Clubs were organized in Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster. The keen rivalry that has always existed between these three cities added zest to the game, and the interest aroused was intense. With well matched teams they drew enormous crowds to see the games, and all the good nature the Coast climate produces was necessary to keep more than one of them from

resulting in open warfare. Then they took to strengthening by looking to the east for players. Such well-known players as Bob Cheyne, Archie McNaughton, and others found it convenient to move to the Coast. They drilled the younger generations of British Columbians in all the mysteries of the great national sport, till out of the crowds of junior players senior clubs of really high class were evolved.

New Westminster, the smallest of the three cities, at last succeeded in getting the greatest team, and in their enthusiasm the citizens resolved to send their champions to battle with the lacrosse giants of the east.

They came, and their coming did not cause much excitement in eastern lacrosse circles. The first game was a victory over an N.A.L.U. senior team, and lacrosse Ontario and Quebec began to open its eyes. And the Westerners said never a word, but went right on with their work. Montreal, Nationals, Shamrocks, Capitals—all the cracks of the east fell in succession before them by decisive scores, and in a week Westminsters had played themselves out of semi-obscur-



C. R. MCKEOWN, PRESIDENT OF C.L.A.

ity into lacrosse fame. Their one check came in Toronto when, after a hard battle with the Capitals of Ottawa two days before, they were unable to do better than play a draw with Torontos.

But when they had departed for the west it was felt that there was a new factor in the lacrosse world, and for the first time the need of a trophy to represent the lacrosse championship of Canada was felt. Lord Minto filled the want with the Minto Cup. It was given to the champions of the N.A.L.U. But British Columbia feels that she has a claim on it. Last year the Vancouver Y.M.C.A. team came east and tried, but failed to win it. This year the true champions of British Columbia, New Westminsters, made another attempt and though defeated in two hard matches by the champion Shamrocks they proved their right to a place in the front ranks of lacrosse and went home determined to have yet another try next year.

The B.C.A.L.A. was organized March 22nd, 1890, with a membership of three clubs, viz., Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster. The Sen-

ior Series now consists of four clubs, Nanaimo having been added. It also has an Intermediate Series, in which some exceedingly lively lacrosse is played. New Westminster has held the championship for eight of the twelve years of the Association's existence, 1890, 1894-95, and the past five years; Vancouver 1891, 1892 and 1896; Victoria in 1893.

Three times have teams from British Columbia visited the east at their own expense. In 1893 the Victorias came and played a draw with Shamrocks, and were beaten by Capitals. In 1900 Westminster made their victorious tour, and last year Vancouver Y.M.C.A. team tried unsuccessfully for the Minto Cup. Twice also have the Westerners paid the expenses of teams west and beaten them. In 1899 the Torontos were taken to New Westminster and soundly beaten in a series of three games. Last year the Winnipeg, champions of Manitoba, were similarly treated. Truly the British Columbia Association is neither very old nor very big, but it is a wonder.

OTHER ASSOCIATIONS.

These are the most prominent among the new lacrosse associations, but they are not all of them. In the Territories there is a budding association, where Moose Jaw, Regina, Calgary and other teams fight for lacrosse honours with all the enthusiasm of candidates for the Minto Cup. It is new yet, but so is the country in which it is planted. It will grow up with the country. And among the hills of the Kootenay, Rossland, Nelson and other towns that thrive on those minerals with which the hills abound, find time to play the national game in a little league of their own. It, too, will see better days, for time is teaching that the lacrosse stick is destined to become as emblematic of Canada as the maple leaf, and is even better fitted to grow and prosper in some of the various climates of this great Dominion than the national emblem itself.



THE QUEENS OF EUROPE



By Margaret Sherrington

IV.—THE GERMAN EMPRESS

THE German Empress is one of the most domesticated of all royal ladies. Her heart is bound up in her husband and children, and she prefers private life to State ceremonials. She shows no inclination to mix herself up in politics or exert an influence on Cabinets, but rather lives as quiet a life as her position allows. Of late years her health has been such as to prevent her from attending many of the big Court functions that she would otherwise have graced, or to take a leading part in tedious social festivities entailing a tax upon physical strength. But she manages, as usual, to give a good deal of time to philanthropic work.

She is specially interested in charities that are connected with children and with old folks, and also in schemes for bettering the home conditions of the working classes, for the Empress is a true *hausfrau* in her love of the household. After the death of the aged Empress Augusta, she made it her special work to continue the interest that her husband's grandmother had bestowed on certain pet charities, and wrote to the Berlin People's Kitchen Society: "I think I am acting in accordance with the sentiments of the deeply-regretted Empress when I assure your society, as well as all the institutions of which the august departed was the patron, of my warm and lasting interest. I fulfil thereby a sacred duty to the memory of one

whose self-sacrificing labours of love were attended with blessed results."

The present Empress, who was born Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, a daughter of the Grand Duke Frederick, was brought up in the domesticated fashion usual to German girls at the little Ducal Court at Dolzig, in Silesia. Her father was not a rich man, as German potentates go, and there seemed very little probability that his daughter would become the Consort of a mighty Sovereign of Europe. Even when she did marry the handsome Prince William of Prussia, it appeared unlikely that she would be Empress even at so early a date as the present. The venerable Emperor William seemed to have many years before him, and the then Crown Prince—the late Emperor Frederick—was a young man with, it was hoped, a long life of sovereignty ahead. Yet, after seven short years of married life, Princess Augusta became Empress of Germany.

If the story that is told of Prince William's wooing of his bride is true, then the courtship of the present Emperor and Empress was one of the most romantic in royal histories.

It was at Prinzenau, then the home of the Grand Duke Frederick, that Prince William and his future bride met for the first time. Prince William had been invited thither as the guest of the Grand Duke, and was, at the time, a gallant, dashing young fellow of twenty. Then, as now, he was fond of surprises, and arrived at the Castle



EMPRESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA OF GERMANY

PHOTO BY REICHARD & LINDNER, BERLIN

rather earlier than he was expected. The story goes that while strolling in the park he came upon a rustic summer-house—a bower of roses—into which he not unnaturally penetrated. What was his surprise when the picture that met his view represented a

fair-haired girl asleep in a hammock!

The Prince, taken aback at the vision, paused for a moment and then retreated, wondering who the sleeping beauty might be. As he afterwards told a friend, she reminded him of a little poem known to every German



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA—"CARMEN SYLVA"

PHOTO BY F. MANDY, BUCURESCI

schoolboy, and called in the English language "The Briar Rose." He associated the pretty girl he had seen with the poem, and later in the day encountered his "Briar Rose" again, this time inside the Castle. He was delighted to find that she was none

other than the Princess Augusta Victoria, and was so much impressed with her naturalness and charm that in a very short time he was desperately in love with her, and their engagement speedily followed. The date of their betrothal is set down as February 14th,

1880, but owing to the death of the Grand Duke Frederick (the Empress's father) it was not publicly announced until the following June. On this occasion the Princess wrote to the venerable pastor of her native place: "You, respected Herr Pastor, will understand how, on such a joyful occasion, I miss my never-to-be-forgotten father, he who shared in our smallest joy. How he would have rejoiced in my happiness! But he knew how dearly we love each other, and that is a great consolation to me. The life of my father will always be before me as a shining example. Would that I might be even but distantly like him!"

The Princess was in Berlin when her betrothal was announced there, but she returned to Prinkenau for the wedding, where the ceremony took place in February, 1881, on the twenty-second birthday of Prince William, the Princess being some few months his senior.

Following in the wake of two such clever women as the old Empress Augusta and the late Empress Frederick, the present Empress of Germany had a difficult task before her when her husband came to the throne. But she soon endeared herself to the nation by her innate charm and goodness, the simplicity of her tastes, and the practical example she set of a perfect wife and mother. Her Majesty is blue-eyed and fair-haired, with an amiable expression of countenance that portrays her character and gentle manners. The Emperor alludes to her as his "Pearl of Great Price," and the Empress talks of her children as her "most priceless jewels."

Perhaps no sovereign lady cares less for dress than does the Empress of Germany, although of late years she has paid more attention to her wardrobe than formerly, and always dresses with good taste while avoiding extravagance.

It is said that on one occasion, when the Kaiser and Kaiserin were visiting Queen Margherita of Italy and the late King Humbert, the Emperor and Queen Margherita went together to a dressmaker's in Rome to choose a tea-

gown for the Empress. A charming gown, covered with diaphanous embroidery, was brought forward, but the Emperor waved it aside, exclaiming, "Oh! that would be of no use to my wife. She always has half-a-dozen children tumbling about her skirts, and they would make short work of all that pretty stuff!"

The Emperor is very proud of his wife, and has been heard to say: "I could wish no better for the men of my nation than that the girls of Germany should follow the example of their Empress and devote their lives, as she does her life, to the cultivation of the three great K's,—*Kirche, Kinder, Küche.*" Church, children and cookery certainly have absorbed a great part of the life of Her Majesty, and she has also given a great deal of attention to the servant question. She once wrote to a society of German ladies who were discussing the problem: "To my mind, the unsatisfactory condition of our servants is due to the fact that the mistresses fail to take sufficient interest in their welfare. The chief complaints of domestic servants seem to be that they have too many hours of work and too little personal freedom. But if mistresses were to allow them more freedom, they might expose the servants to serious temptation. They should, therefore, do all in their power to make their servants' leisure hours as attractive as possible within doors, particularly by giving them nice cheerful bedrooms, which, I fear, is often far from being the case. I sincerely hope our architects will bear this in mind when designing houses. Besides, we ought, in various parts of the town, to establish homes for servants, where they can meet of an evening, and more particularly on Sunday afternoons, in order to discuss subjects of common interest, and, if possible, receive instruction in their domestic duties. But the chief question in regard to our female servants is their moral character, for who can exercise greater influence on our young children than servants who are daily in their company?"

The Emperor and Empress have seven children—six sons and a daughter. The latter, little Princess Victoria Luise, is regarded as a Mascotte, for an old prophecy says that when an Emperor of Germany shall have seven sons in succession not one of them shall succeed to the throne. It is easy to believe, therefore, that no child was ever more welcome than Princess Luise of Hohenzollern, who, by her sex, supposedly saved her House from calamity.

Tact and sweetness characterize the beloved Empress who shares the throne of Germany with William II., to whom she has proved the most devoted of Consorts, and whose gentle influence has suited so admirably his somewhat impulsive nature. She is worshipped by her children, and has all along been their companion and playmate as well as their mother, taking an active interest in their education and pastimes, joining in their pony races and rowing with them in their boats. One thing, however, she set her face against was canoeing; and years ago, when her two eldest sons were mere youngsters, and clamoured for a canoe by way of amusement, she absolutely refused to let them indulge in anything so dangerous, for in her opinion they were far too excitable and daring to be trusted with so delicate a craft as a canoe. "But the Emperor has given his consent," observed a friend. "That may be," replied the Empress sweetly; "but although he is Emperor of Germany I am Empress of the nursery."

Owing to her practical upbringing the Empress can sew and knit as well as any woman in the Empire. In her maiden days she used to trim her own gowns and hats, and her habits of economy can be traced in the fact that she has employed a dressmaker in the

palace for the sole purpose of renovating her gowns when more extravagant women would cast them aside.

Those about the German Court say that no cry of real distress ever reaches the Empress's ears without being followed by relief. The following little anecdote is an instance of her tender heart and sympathy:

One day a poor woman approached the Palace at Berlin and endeavoured to obtain admittance to the Emperor's presence; but as she refused to state her errand to any but his Majesty himself she was naturally prevented by the guard from setting foot within the precincts of the Palace. She lingered about within sight, and appeared so broken-hearted and distressed that the tale of her visit came to the Empress's ears. When her Majesty heard how piteously the old woman had pleaded to speak with the Emperor, she immediately sent an attendant to bring the woman to her presence, and listened patiently while the tale of sorrow was poured forth. The story was to the effect that the poor woman's son, her sole supporter, had been sentenced to prison for some indiscretion. She had walked a hundred miles to beg for his pardon. The Empress was touched, and promised to intercede with the Emperor on the widow's behalf, meanwhile comforting the woman by ordering that she should be fed and clothed and supplied with a well-filled purse. Two days later the prisoner was released by order of the Emperor.

No wonder the Germans adore their Empress. She has a heart of gold, that feels her subjects' sorrows as if they were her own.

One of her strong points is punctuality; and where Queen Victoria gave Indian shawls the Empress of Germany gives clocks.



V.—THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

"CARMEN SYLVA," the poet-Queen, is one of the most original-minded women who have ever graced a throne, and one of the few Queens-Consort whose fame has eclipsed that of their respective spouses.

She has extraordinary intellectual gifts, and is, besides, renowned for her broad sympathies and charitable nature.

"Every human being," she once



QUEEN MARIE HENRIETTE OF BELGIUM

PHOTO BY E. COLETTE, SPA

said, "is in need of sympathy;" and it is in the active realization of this truth that she has found her way into the hearts of the people.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is indeed a remarkable woman, with a curiously imaginative, fanciful tempera-

ment, that finds an outlet in writing poetry and other literary work. As a child she was always different from others, and was more inspired by the desire to be of use in the world than to amuse herself after the way of other children. Nothing pleased her so much

as to play the schoolmistress, and it was her great delight to wander away to the quiet lanes followed by a train of village children and share her learning with them. "I am like the Pied Piper of Hamelin," she used to say merrily; "all the children run after me!" So imbued was she with the idea of being a governess that after her father's death she said: "If I do not marry I shall pass my examination as a teacher; to that I have made up my mind."

But with all her seriousness Princess Elizabeth had lively spirits, and could enjoy fun as much as any child. She was wayward and impulsive, and was nicknamed the "Whirlwind" and "The Wild Rosebud of Wied." She herself wrote in after years: "I could not be gentle, and was so passionately impulsive that I was heartily thankful to those who were patient with me."

Her mother, the Princess of Wied, in whom the little Elizabeth had so fine an example of nobility and gentleness, said to her daughter's first tutor: "You will have a little *esprit de contradiction* as a scholar. She does not believe in any authority."

Princess Elizabeth was born at Neuwied on the Rhine in December, 1843, the daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied and his wife, a Princess of Nassau. She soon learnt sorrow, for much of her youth was spent in nursing and comforting her invalid brother Otto, who died young; and her father also became a chronic invalid. After her brother's death, she pathetically observed: "I expect sorrow and many tears; each year demands its sacrifice."

The Court at Wied was a quiet one, and it was not until she was seventeen that Princess Elizabeth began to see the brilliant side of Royal life. At that age she went on a visit to the Court of Berlin, where, as fate would have it, she met her future husband. The story of their first encounter is romantic. Princess Elizabeth, with her usual impetuosity, was rushing down the stairs one day when she suddenly stumbled, and would probably have fallen to the bottom of the flight had not a gentleman,

who was ascending at the time, made a quick dash forward and caught the young girl in his arms. This gallant cavalier was none other than Prince Charles, ultimately King of Roumania, and the Princess had unconsciously fallen into the arms of her future husband.

King Charles, who is the second son of Prince Antony, head of the Catholic Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family, was offered the throne of Roumania when he was serving in the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards at Coblenz. He was twenty-seven years of age at the time. He accepted the offer and came as Prince Carol (Charles) I. to Roumania, which was converted into a kingdom in 1881.

Evidently Prince Charles did not forget the staircase incident, and when he sought a bride his thoughts turned to the charming girl with whom, it appears, he had long since fallen in love, and he arrived at the Castle on the Rhine to woo and win Princess Elizabeth.

She had been wont to declare that she would rather remain single than marry, and, curiously enough, used to add: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania, for down there something is left for me to do." This remark was intended to silence those of her admirers who sought to win her, for at that time there was no kingdom of Roumania.

Prince Charles reminded the Princess of her words, and said that if she were still willing to rule over Roumania she had only to accept his hand. "It makes me both proud and happy," she said, with great earnestness.

After a short engagement of two months the wedding was celebrated at Wied, and when the Royal pair entered Roumania they were offered the traditional bread and salt on silver platters.

Princess Elizabeth was fired by the ambition to help her husband in his work of building up a nation. No woman ever yearned more sincerely than did this girl-bride for a mission in life. Inspired by the noble conception of her responsibilities, she worked

heart and soul for the interests of her people, and wrote, not long afterwards: "I am beginning to grow to my ideal, which is to become the confidential adviser of the Roumanian State, House, and Family."

Her married life brought with it a crushing blow in the death of her little child, at the age of four years. For months and months she grieved, her bursting heart finding its only consolation in literary work, which she had taken up long before, but which now became a serious occupation with her.

The Queen wrote under the fantastic, pretty *nom-de-plume* of "Carmen Sylva," chosen because of her fondness for song and forest, and in memory of her childhood days, when she roamed about the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. She translated into Roumanian the folk-songs of her native land, and published the book in the wish to give pleasure to little ones and in tender recollection of her own lost child. Her versatile genius has impressed her personality upon the generation, and given to Carmen Sylva a peculiar place among the Queens of Europe.

From the day she entered Bucharest her husband's interest and the people's have been her one thought. She has founded hospitals, schools, convalescent homes and crèches, and has endeavoured in every possible way to encourage national industries. With this object she insisted, during her holiday visits to King Charles' beautiful Castle at Sinaia, in the Carpathians, that her ladies should don the national dress of Roumania, she herself affecting the same attire; and she made it obligatory that the costume of the nation should be worn at the annual charity balls in Bucharest, thus doing a great deal for the benefit of spinners and weavers and embroiderers. Well has King Charles done to speak of her as his "best counsellor."

To the Roumanian people since the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, when Roumania was involved, Queen Elizabeth has been known as the "Mother of her People." In that time of distress she succoured the wounded, comforted the distressed, and became a veritable sister of mercy. Out of her own pocket she maintained an hospital for a hundred patients; she organized a Red Cross Society; and by her brave, humane example was the means of exciting the wildest enthusiasm for her magnificent qualities of heart and head, and has immortalized herself in letters of gold in the history of her country.

The Queen's interest in literature induced her to found, a few years after her marriage, a society for the publication of books suitable for schools and the people. Many graceful stories from her pen find their way into magazines from time to time. Historic dramas, too, have found an author in the Queen of Roumania, who read one such work to our late Queen Victoria while visiting Her Majesty at Windsor not many years ago. On another occasion Queen Elizabeth summoned Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry to one of the West End hotels, and there read one of her plays to them.

The Queen has been in the habit of rising early and working with her pen before breakfast. It is only the early morning hours, she declares, that she can really call her own—in which she can be "woman and author." For the rest she must be Queen.

Her Majesty finds a sweet, sympathetic companion in Princess Marie of Roumania, the wife of the Crown Prince. As the King and Queen have no child of their own, the successor is Prince Ferdinand, the son of King Charles' brother, Prince Leopold. Princess Marie is eldest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and has a trio of charming children.



VI.—QUEEN MARIE HENRIETTE OF BELGIUM

WHEN, in 1853, the betrothal of the young Duke of Brabant, son of King Leopold I of Belgium, to the Archduchess Marie Henriette of Hungary, a great-granddaughter of the famous Empress Marie Theresa of Austria, was announced, there was general rejoicing in all quarters concerned by the news.

The bride-elect was the daughter of the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, and Marie Dorothea, Princess of Württemberg, and was a charming girl of barely seventeen years when she met, at the Austrian Court, King Leopold and his son.

The latter was a handsome, manly young fellow of eighteen, and, in celebration of his majority was travelling with his father through Germany, King Leopold wishing to introduce his heir to other Courts, and no doubt give him the opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the marriageable Princesses.

On leaving Berlin the King and the Duke passed on to Austria, and it was while at Vienna that the Duke met and fell in love with the girl who was henceforth to influence his life. The young Archduchess was a beautiful, accomplished girl, and her marriage to the heir of the Belgian throne was celebrated after a short engagement.

Marie Henriette, Queen of Belgium, was born in 1836. She and her sister Elizabeth, who was destined to become the mother of the present Queen Regent of Spain, were brought up very simply, for their father died when his eldest daughter was only ten years old, and, in consequence, the young Archduchesses lived very quietly, and there was little thought of their making brilliant and important marriages. But with the blood of Marie Theresa in her veins, the Archduchess Marie was, of course, a worthy bride for the Royal Belgian heir, and their wedding was celebrated with great pomp and magnificence, first by procuration at Vienna, on August 10th, 1853, and twelve days

later by a religious ceremony performed in the fine old church of St. Gudule, Brussels.

The young Duchess, though naturally feeling the separation from her mother rather bitterly at first, was made so welcome in her new country that she soon settled down, and felt at once that she was among friends. She received a hearty, loving welcome both from her husband's family and King Leopold's subjects, and everything was *couleur de rose* with the young couple for a few years. Then came the first grief in the death of their son, the Count of Hainault, a beautiful boy of ten. This melancholy event robbed life of all its sweetness for a time, and changed the Duchess into a grave, sad woman. It was years before she shook off the effects of the blow that had robbed her of a son and Belgium of an heir.

Her three daughters are Princess Louise, who married Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg; Princess Stephanie, who became the wife of the hapless Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, and is now the Countess Longay; and Princess Clementine. In their girlhood they passed a very unostentatious existence, and were brought up almost as girls in an ordinary station of life.

In her younger days Queen Henriette was famous as an equestrienne. Indeed, she and her cousin, the late Empress of Austria, were considered the finest horsewomen, outside the professional arena, in Europe. She could ride a bare-backed horse as easily as one with a saddle, and could perform really astounding feats with her horses; and even had a private circus at one of her palaces, where she used to practise fancy riding.

Next to mounting horses, the Queen's greatest enjoyment lay in driving them. Her favourite ponies were her Hungarian creams, which she used to drive day after day, the Royal phaeton with her Majesty as whip being regularly looked for by her loyal subjects.

A pretty anecdote is told about the Queen which illustrates her thoughtfulness and wish to please.

The King, it seems, had a particular fondness for a certain kind of pastry, which was only to be obtained of a modest little confectionery in the town. Her Majesty was out one day, walking quietly along the street, when she happened to pass this particular pastry-cook's. She remembered the King's little weakness, and immediately went into the shop and asked the young girl at the counter for a bag of the special cakes she wanted. The girl recognized her illustrious customer, and became so nervous at the honour of serving royalty that she handed out the wrong cakes.

The Queen shook her head and smiled. "No, mademoiselle," she said, in gentle tones, "I dare not take these, my husband would be so disappointed. He only cares for those cakes which you have over there, and always asks that they may be procured for him. I am going home, and if you will kindly give them to me I will take them myself, so that they may not be crushed."

And the Queen of the Belgians walked out of the shop with a bag of pastry in her hand and nodding brightly to the little serving-maid, who was rosy-red from confusion.

Of the King, too, many kind-hearted and amusing anecdotes might be told. Not many years ago, when he was staying at one of the large Continental hotels, he had, according to his custom, been indulging in an early morning walk, and on his return found a small crowd of people standing near the principal entrance to the hotel.

Calling a young urchin to his side, his Majesty asked:

"What are you all waiting here for?"

"To see the King," said the youngster.

"Oh," was the answer, "that is not a very interesting sight," and his Majesty quietly walked indoors.

On another occasion the King was walking on Ostend pier when he saw

a little boy who was playing on the breakwaters skirting the pier slip into the water. With great presence of mind, his Majesty was down the steps in an instant, caught the little fellow in his arms, and stood him on his feet.

"Voilà, mon petit," he said, kindly, patting the boy on the head and giving him a five-frank piece; "*une autre fois soyez plus attentif. Je ne suis pas ici tous les jours!*"

His Majesty's hobby is horticulture, and the glasshouses at Laeken are quite an exhibition in themselves. He is also devoted to scientific research and inventions, but has no ear for music—in fact, he detests it—while with the Queen music is a passion. She is not only fond of music, but she is a remarkably clever musician, playing the piano and the harp like a professional. She has even written an opera, called "Wanda; ou, la Puissance de l'Ænone," and it was once presented at Court. Her Majesty used frequently to improvise little concerts at which she and her ladies performed.

In addition to being a skilled musician, she is an artist of no mean merit, and has on several occasions substantially aided charities by sending paintings from her own brush to adorn the stalls at bazaars. In this way and a thousand others she has identified herself with the needs of the people, and has won her way into their hearts, so that the name of Marie Henriette is virtually one to conjure with, and is beloved by the Belgian nation.

At one time Queen Henriette used to go regularly to Ostend, which is her favourite watering-place, walk about on the esplanade, and do her own shopping, to the delight of those who recognized in the quietly-dressed visitor the Queen of the Belgians. Her Majesty's every-day dress is of the simplest cut and style. She has a soul above *chiffons*, and spends very little time over the affairs of her wardrobe. She is a woman of high intellect, and appreciates art in any form. With notable books of the day she is always well acquainted, and likes to be kept *au courant* with affairs. In this way she

has preserved her youthfulness and kept her mind fresh and active, storing it with varied and intellectual subjects, and having wide sympathies.

The Belgian Court is not what would be termed a brilliant one. Excepting a few official dinners and a couple of Court balls, there are few fêtes at the Palace during the year. Dinner with the Belgian Royal Family is a very simple affair, for both the King and the Queen prefer plain fare.

Now that her Majesty's days of breaking-in horses are over, she amuses herself by visiting the stables and feeding her ponies with lumps of sugar.

Another accomplishment her Majesty used to indulge in was conjuring.

When, in 1882, the famous magician, Professor Hermann, arrived in Brussels on his way to the sea baths at Ostend, one of the Queen's chamberlains called at his hotel and inquired if he was the same Professor Hermann who had formerly given sleight-of-hand performances at the palace of the Queen's father. On ascertaining this to be a fact, he informed the Professor that

her Majesty would be glad to receive him in private audience the next day.

The Queen received her visitor most kindly, and, after talking of old times, expressed a wish to learn sleight-of-hand. Professor Hermann gladly consented to teach her, and during the following four weeks he daily spent several hours in initiating her as an adept of magic.

These lessons took place with locked doors. The Queen displayed remarkable talent, and many were the tricks which she subsequently practised on her attendants.

The Professor refused to accept any remuneration for his services. The Queen, however, met the difficulty by sending a magnificent bracelet and a pair of diamond earrings to his wife.

Queen Henrietta bears her years lightly. She is still tall and upright of figure, though her hair is snowed.

The present heir to the Belgian Crown is the Count of Flanders, the King's brother; but it is almost certain that he will resign in favour of his son, Prince Albert, who has always been a great favourite of the Queen's.

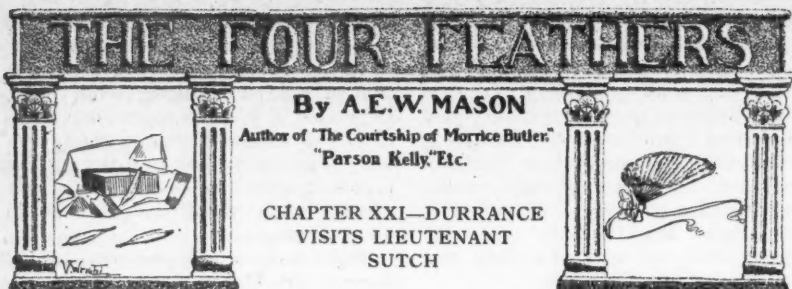
THUNDER CAPE

The top of Thunder Cape, Lake Superior, when seen at a distance, presents the outline of an immense, reclining human figure, to which the Indians give the name of Nanibozhu, or the Sleeping Giant.

THE Sleeping Giant rests in purple pall
 With folded arms upon the dusky height;
 Around his feet the breakers rise and fall,
 While o'er his breast the sea-gulls wing their flight,
 The gusty night-wind sighs with sobbing sound,
 Singing a requiem to departing day,
 Darkling are crisped in foam the waves around;
 The lights are twinkling in the distant bay.

Amid the storm or sunshine calm he lies,
 While ebbs and flows the tide of human life,
 With face intent he looks upon the skies,
 While mankind frets and fumes in weary strife.
 So rests the eye of faith unswervingly
 On heaven above, amid life's changing sea.

J. Henderson



RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermot Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit. He tells her of meeting Harry at Tewfikieh on the Nile, disguised as a musician and attempting to play a zither. The tune was a mere memory of Ethne's favourite piece, the *Musoline Overture*, and was wretchedly played. Finally, Durrance guesses the story of the feathers, partly by what he learns from Mrs. Adair, who is secretly jealous of Ethne, and partly from General Feversham whom he visits. He begins to understand.

TELEGRAMS came rarely to the cottage of Lieutenant Sutch, and caused no small flutter when they did come. The cottage looked out upon a tiny chine on the northern side of the Isle of Wight, and the Lieutenant was at his drawing-room window with his old brass telescope on his knee, when the housemaid hurried in with the

brown envelope in her hand. There was nothing which Lieutenant Sutch expected less, and, in truth, he was a trifle disappointed to receive it. A great Peninsular & Oriental steamship had smoked out of Southampton that morning and run past his windows towards the channel. The housemaid's excitement had prepared him for news

that she had run upon the Shingles, or at least that her boilers had broken down. And it was caused by a mere telegram.

"You need more self-restraint, Mary," he said rather testily. "A telegram! It might come on any day."

But as he took it in his hand he began to feel interested. He turned it over. He held it up to the light.

"Now, who will have sent it, Mary?" he asked, and Mary impatiently reminded him that the boy waited for an answer.

"True," said the Lieutenant, "we will open it," and as soon as he had opened it, the look of anticipation upon his face changed to one of perplexity and apprehension.

"There is no answer, but I am to expect a friend this afternoon. He will stay the night, Mary. He is blind, and brings a servant."

Sutch had followed Durrance's career with a great deal of interest, as General Feversham had truly said. But it was not a particularly friendly interest; he was jealous of Durrance for Harry Feversham's sake. Indeed he had even experienced some difficulty in suppressing a throb of elation when he had first heard that Durrance had gone blind. For he had grown to care for Harry Feversham with a woman's concentration of love. Afterwards, however, he had obtained news that blindness had not proved the obstacle which he could not but hope it would prove. Durrance became engaged to Ethne Eustace, and the Lieutenant, as he thought of that wild plan of Harry's, of which he alone held the secret, wondered with an increasing apprehension what the upshot would be. Something plainly had happened, something untoward, since Durrance was coming in such haste to visit him. He drove his trap into Yarmouth that evening and picked up Durrance at the pier gates. The Lieutenant was a kindly man apart from his jealousy, and as he looked at the drawn, kind face and the grey hair of the man whom a very few years ago

he had looked upon as a type of brute courage, pity welled up in him.

"I am sorry," he said gently, as Durrance was led to the step of the cart. "I know what it is myself to be suddenly stopped when one is young, though my ill luck, of course, is nothing to yours. Still," and his jealousy came back—"you have some compensation."

Durrance smiled rather bitterly.

"You mean Ethne?"

"Yes."

"It is about her that I want to speak to you," and Lieutenant Sutch nodded. Something had happened.

"Do you remember that when I met you last in the courtyard of the Club, you refused to tell me what you knew of Harry Feversham?"

"And I still refuse," said the Lieutenant firmly.

"I no longer ask you to tell me. For I know. I want you now to do much more, I want you to help," and he cried out suddenly, "Oh what a mistake you made that afternoon in the Club. But I will tell you about it to-night," and he recovered his composure as quickly as he had lost it."

Sutch glanced suspiciously at his companion. That outburst of weariness rang true or was most cleverly counterfeited. He wondered whether by any means Durrance could have found out what Feversham was bent upon. But he himself was the only man who knew. He preferred to believe that Durrance's confidence was mere bluff, and he had no doubt that he could keep his secret. Lieutenant Sutch had lost none of his pride in his powers of observation, and he thought it would be a strange thing if so close a student of human nature could not turn a blind man round his fingers.

But he began to change his mind after dinner. For Durrance related to him in a clear and consecutive fashion the history of the Three Feathers—the reason, the manner of their coming, and the names of the officers who sent them.

"I knew them all—Trench, Castleton, Willoughby. I met them daily in

Suakin, just ordinary officers, one rather shrewd, the second quite commonplace, the third distinctly stupid. I saw them going quietly about the routine of their work. It seems quite strange to me now. Men who can deal out misery and estrangement and years of suffering, without so much as a single word spoken, and they go about their business and you never know them from other men until a long while afterwards some consequence of what they did, and very likely have forgotten, rises up and strikes you down. Well!"

"And who told you this?" asked Sutch, and the next moment he answered his question. "I know. Miss Eustace."

"She told me nothing. You don't know her. She could keep a secret through a delirium if she chose. No, General Feversham told me what he knew. But I was able to tell him something in return; I mean Harry Feversham's object in disappearing from England and travelling to the Soudan."

Lieutenant Sutch started in his chair.

"You know that too?" he exclaimed. "How?"

"Captain Willoughby came back two days ago to Miss Eustace in Devonshire. He brought back one of the white feathers."

"Then he withdraws his charge!"

Lieutenant Sutch sprang up and burst into a laugh. "I knew," he said; "I knew he wouldn't fail. Oh I am glad you came to-day, Colonel Durrance. It was partly my fault, you see, that Harry Feversham ever incurred that charge. I could have spoken—there was an opportunity, and a word might have been of value—and I held my tongue. I have never ceased to blame myself. I am grateful for your news. You have the particulars." And he resumed his seat. "Captain Willoughby was in peril and Harry came to his aid."

"No, it was not that way."

"Tell me! Tell me!"

Sutch leaned across the table in an extreme excitement. He had no thought

of position now that Harry Feversham had redeemed his honour. Durrance was no more than a voice telling him good news; he feared to miss a word. Durrance related the story of the Gordon letters and their recovery by Feversham. It was all too short for Lieutenant Sutch.

"Oh, but I am glad you came," he cried.

"You understand, at all events," said Durrance, "that I did not come to beg your secret from you. I know all that you know, and indeed more."

More—yes that was true. But all—no. There was a fourth feather of which Durrance apparently knew nothing. However, Sutch saw no necessity as yet to speak of that. He determined to keep silence, and just as he so resolved Durrance said quietly across the table.

"Oh! So there is something else."

Sutch was not aware that he had moved, he had certainly not spoken. He looked at Durrance, and realizing how much of this story he must have guessed, and how patiently he must have worked his guesses together until they fitted, he began himself to feel rather helpless. It was no longer he who would turn the blind man round his fingers. Rather the blind man, were he so minded, would turn him.

"The something else," he said hurriedly, "is of no importance;" and Durrance acquiesced.

"Now, listen to me! Lieutenant Harry Feversham must be brought back and you must help. I am a blind man, tied to a chair. You are Harry's friend, you must go out to the Soudan and bring him back. Will you?"

"Will I?" cried Lieutenant Sutch. "To-morrow, if you like;" and then an objection entered his mind and sobered him. "But when I have brought him back—what then? Have you thought of it, Durrance? What then?"

"I have thought of it," Durrance answered. He added in a slow, steady voice, "Ethne has not forgotten."

This time there was no doubt that Lieutenant Sutch moved. He could

not help it. His first feeling was a sudden throb of pride that in spite of his disgrace Harry had retained this girl's love, a great sense of gladness that after his long trial he would find his reward.

"You are glad of that," said Durrance quietly. "Well, it is true, though it is not an easy thing for me to say. Ethne has not forgotten."

Sutch was seized with compunction. He tried to give to his voice a note of doubt.

"Are you sure? You may be quite wrong. Women are difficult to judge, and after all she accepted you."

"Out of pity, because I was blind," answered Durrance. "Before that time she refused me and more than once. But when she knew of what had happened, she knew that I had lost everything I cared for—except her. And out of her staunch friendship she wrote to me and offered what she had refused before. I was not aware that she knew what had happened, she pretended that she had written before the news came to her. But it was only a pretence. She has not forgotten;" and again he burst out with his reproach, "Why didn't you tell me all the truth that afternoon in the courtyard of the Club? Why in the world didn't you tell me?" And he beat upon the table with his fists.

"I couldn't," Sutch protested. "I solemnly promised Harry Feversham that I would tell no one, until he came back himself. Even if he never came back I was to tell only his father, and even his father not all—it is hot here, I will open the window," he said abruptly, and he rose from his seat. By the window he remained some while looking out upon the water and torn by indecision. On the one side his love of Harry Feversham bade him keep silence, on the other side, pity for Durrance bade him speak. He came back at last into the room.

"You said there was something else—something which I knew and you did not. I will tell you what that something else is. Three feathers were sent to Harry by his fellow-offic-

ers, but he took away from Ramelton a fourth. It was added to the rest by Miss Eustace. She is not to be blamed for it, I know, nor is it on that account that I tell you. But Harry understood her to mean that when he went away, he went away for all his life, and I think she meant it. Harry had no hope, and indeed no wish that she should wait for him to redeem his honour. I don't deny for an instant that she was the spur which urged him to it. But there was not a hope in his mind that she would ever even be his friend—in this life at all events. So what I said to you in the courtyard of the Club, I now repeat. There will be no disloyalty to friendship if you marry Miss Eustace."

Lieutenant Sutch resumed his seat. He had spoken with an effort and he now watched anxiously for the answer. Even as he sat he regretted that he had spoken at all. But Durrance smiled and with a great friendliness.

"It is kind of you to tell me that, Lieutenant. For I can guess pretty well what the words cost you. But Ethne has not forgotten, and I have my point of view. Marriage between a blind man and any woman, leave alone Ethne, could not be fair unless there was more than friendship upon both sides. No. Feversham must be brought back, and I'll make room for him."

"And Miss Eustace knows of your plan?"

"Not a word. She has her view, too. Two lives shall not be spoilt because of her. That's her resolve. She believes that in some way she was the reason why Harry resigned his commission. So there's one life spoilt. Suppose I go to her and say, 'I know that you pretend out of your charity and kindness, but in your heart you are no more than my friend,' why I hurt her and cruelly. For there's all that's left of the second life spoilt too. But bring back Feversham! Then I can speak; then I can say freely, 'Since you are just my friend I would rather be your friend and nothing more. So neither life will be spoilt at all.'"

"I understand," said Sutch. "It's the way a man should speak. So till Feversham comes back the pretence remains. She pretends to care for you, you pretend you do not know she thinks of Harry. While I go eastwards to bring him home, you go back to her."

"No," said Durrance. "I can't go back. I burnt my boats two days ago. I was a fool. I was waiting, hoping that some day there would be a change in her voice, some new softness and rare depth, a thrill of the heart when she played her violin, a throb of gladness when she laughed—something in a word to prove to me that the friendship had altered into the something more. Well, two days ago I heard just that for which I had waited, the softness of voice, the thrill in the music of her violin, and I burned my boats. On that afternoon Willoughby had come with his news of Harry Feversham, but I did not know. I took the change to myself and I burned my boats. I told her what I had noticed—the friendship—and what I had missed—the love—until this night. I explained that it was because of what I had missed that I had continually deferred the marriage. I told her even that my pretence of a hope that I might be cured was nothing more than a pretence, designed to make the delay plausible and natural. Don't you see? I can't go back. I must make an excuse."

"What excuse?"

"There's an oculist at Wiesbaden. I have not visited him. A letter containing the account of a wonderful cure has sent me there in a hurry. I shall stay there till you bring back Harry Feversham. But make all haste, Lieutenant!"

Sutch hastened to reassure his companion.

"There shall be no time wasted, take my word for it! If you know where he is it will be a short and easy matter."

"On the contrary, it will be a long and difficult matter. There were three white feathers sent to Feversham."

Lieutenant Sutch stared at Durrance. His face went white, he refused to believe what Durrance meant, and though refusing, none the less believed it.

"But Castleton is dead," said he.

"And Trench is in Omdurman," said Durrance.

Sutch was awed into silence. He knew that Trench was a prisoner, but he had never conjectured that Harry would carry his purpose so far as to join him in his prison. Besides, Harry's honour was redeemed, he cried vainly in his heart. Willoughby's story was sufficient, Harry could have come back himself, he should have come.

"You think Harry has gone to Omdurman?"

"I am sure of it. For I saw him in Wadi Halfa, and from Wadi Halfa he went southwards into the desert, along the river bank. What other object could he have but to join Trench and rescue him? Of course, even now they may both have escaped, they may both be on their way to Assouan. Harry had money, you know, and he had been five years in the Soudan. But I shall have news. Any day a telegram may come. If it says Harry's there, why you must go out and go at once."

Upon that the two men fell to talking of means and routes, of the men to be employed, of the base at which Sutch was to remain. The great forty days' road to the west, the east bank of the river, and the track from Berber to Suakin, the Belly of Stones and Assouan—each was discussed.

It was late before they had had their fill of it. The servants had already gone to bed and two candlesticks stood ready upon the hall table. More than once during that evening Sutch had been led to forget that his companion was blind. He forgot the fact again, and lighting a candle, held it out to Durrance. But as the light shone upon Durrance's face he remembered, and as a consequence of remembering he made a second mistake. For he blew the candle out and set it down again upon the table.

"Yes, I have no need of it," said Durrance with a smile.

Remorse seized upon Lieutenant Sutch.

"I am sorry," he said, and then he blurted out: "I have said very little to you in the way of sympathy, but upon my word it's hard on you."

"Yes, it's hard," Durrance answered simply, and he stood for a moment

or two while the light of the candle which Sutch held shone upon his tired face. "When I was in the Soudan I used to pass the white skeletons of camels which had dropped on the march and died there and then with their loads upon their backs. I used to think even then that that was the right way to go out. Imagine if you can how I must envy them now."



CHAPTER XXII—THE HOUSE OF STONE

THESE were the days before the great mud wall was built about the House of Stone in Omdurman. Only a thorn zareeba as yet enclosed that prison; and so long as daylight lasted, the prisoners themselves were even allowed to stumble in their chains down the half mile of broken sloping earth to the Nile bank; so that they might draw water for their use and perform their ablutions. For the native or the negro then escape was not so difficult. For along that bank the dhows were moored, and they were numerous, the river traffic, such as there was of it, had its harbour there, and the wide foreshore made a convenient market place. Thus the open space between the river and the House of Stone was thronged and clamorous all day, captives rubbed elbows with their friends, concerted plans of escape, or then and there slipped into the thickest of the crowd and made their way to the first blacksmith, with whom the price of iron outweighed any risk he took. But even on their way to the blacksmith's shop their fetters called for no notice in Omdurman. Slaves wore them as a daily habit, and hardly a street in all that long, brown, treeless squalid city was ever free from the clink of a man who walked in chains.

But to the European escape was another matter. Relays of camels stationed through the desert, long preparations, and above all devoted natives who would risk their lives, were the first necessities for them. The camels

might be procured and stationed, but it did not follow that their drivers would remain at the stations; the long preparations might be made and the whip of the gaoler overset them at the end by flogging the captive within an inch of his life, on a suspicion that he had money; the servant might shrink at the last moment. Colonel Trench began to lose all hope. At times the boy who brought his food into the prison would bid him be ready; at times, too, when at some parade of the Khalifa's troops he was shown in triumph as an emblem of the destiny of all the Turks, a man perhaps would jostle against his camel and whisper encouragements. But no release came. He saw the sun rise beyond the bend of the river behind the tall palm trees of Khartum, and burn across the sky, and the months dragged one upon the other.

On an evening towards the end of August he sat in a corner of the enclosure watching the sun drop westwards towards the plain with an agony of anticipation. For, however intolerable the heat and burden of the day, it was as nothing compared with the horrors which each night renewed. The moment of twilight came and with it Idris es Saier, the great negro of the Gawaamah tribe, and his fellow-gaolers.

"Into the House of Stone!" he cried.

Praying and cursing, with the sound of the pitiless whips falling perpetually upon the backs of the hindmost, the prisoners jostled and struggled at the

narrow entrance to the prison house. Already it was occupied by some thirty captives, lying upon the swamped mud floor, or supported against the wall in the last extremities of weakness and disease. Two hundred more were driven in that night and penned there till morning. The room was perhaps thirty feet square, of which four feet were occupied by a solid pillar supporting the roof. There was no window in the building; a few small apertures near the roof made a pretence of giving air, and into this foul and pestilent hovel the prisoners were packed screaming and fighting. The door was closed upon them, utter darkness replaced the twilight so that a man could not distinguish even the outline of the heads of the neighbours who wedged him.

Colonel Trench fought like the rest. There was a corner near the door which he coveted at that moment with a greater fierceness of desire than he had ever felt in the days when he had been free. Once in that corner he would have some shelter from the blows, the stamping feet, the bruises of his neighbours' shackles, he would have, too, a support against which to lean his back during the ten interminable hours of suffocation.

"If I were to fall! If I were to fall!"

That fear was always with him when he was driven in at night. It worked in him like a drug producing madness. For if a man once went down amidst that yelling, struggling throng, he never got up again, he was trampled out of shape. Trench had seen such victims dragged from the prison each morning; and he was a small man. Therefore he fought for his corner in a frenzy like a wild beast, kicking with his fetters, thrusting with his elbows, diving under this big man's arms, burrowing between two others, tearing at their clothes, using his nails, his fists, and even striking at heads with the chain which dangled from the iron ring about his neck. He reached the corner in the end steaming with the heat, and gasping for breath; the rest of

the night he would spend in holding it.

"If I were to fall!" he gasped. "Oh God, if I were to fall!" and he shouted aloud to his neighbour—for in that clamour nothing less than a shout is audible—"Is it you, Ibrahim?" and a like shout answered him, "Yes, Effendi."

Trench felt some relief. Between Ibrahim, a great tall Arab of the Haddendoas, and Trench, a friendship born of their common necessities had sprung up. There were no prison rations at Omdurman; each captive was dependent upon his own money or the charity of his friends outside. To Trench from time to time there came money from his friends, brought secretly into the prison by a native who had come up from Assouan or Suakin; but there were long periods during which no help came to him, and he lived upon the charity of the Greeks who had sworn to the Mahdist faith, or starved with such patience as he could. There were times, too, when Ibrahim had no friend to send him his meal into the prison. And thus each man helped the other in his need. They stood side by side against the wall at night.

"Yes, Effendi, I am here," and groping with his hand in the black darkness he steadied Trench against the wall.

A fight of even more than common violence was raging in an extreme corner of the prison, and so closely packed were the prisoners that with each advance of one combatant and yielding of the other, the whole jostled crowd swayed in a sort of rhythm, from end to end, from side to side. But they swayed fighting to keep their feet, fighting even with their teeth, and above the din and noise of their hard breathing, the clank of their chains and their imprecations, there rose now and then a wild sobbing cry for mercy, or an inhuman shriek stifled as soon as uttered which showed that a man had gone down beneath the stamping feet. Missiles, too, were flung across the prison, even to the foul earth gathered from the floor, and since none knew from what quarter they were

flung, heads were battered against heads in the effort to avoid them.

For two hours Trench stood in that prison ringing with noise, rank with heat, and there were eight hours to follow before the door was opened and he could stumble into the clean air and fall asleep in the zareeba. He stood upon tiptoe that he might lift his head above his fellows, but even so he could barely breathe, and the air he breathed was moist and sour. His throat was parched, his tongue was swollen in his mouth and stringy like a dried fig. It seemed to him that the imagination of God could devise no worse hell than the House of Stone on an August night in Omdurman. It could add fire, he thought, but only fire.

"If I were to fall!" he cried, and as he spoke his hell was made perfect, for the door was opened; Idris es Sair appeared in the opening.

"Make room," he cried; "Make room," and he threw fire among the prisoners. Lighted tufts of dried grass blazed in the darkness and fell upon the bodies of the prisoners. They were so crowded they could not avoid the missiles, in places even they could not lift their hands to dislodge them from their shoulders or their heads.

"Make room," cried Idris. The whips of his fellow-gaolers enforced his command, the lashes fell upon all within reach and a little space was cleared within the door. Into that space a man was flung and the door closed again.

Trench was standing close to the door; in the dim twilight which came through the doorway he had caught a glimpse of the new prisoner, a man heavily ironed, slight of figure, and bent with suffering.

"He will fall," he said; "he will fall to-night. God, if I were to!" and suddenly the crowd swayed against him and the curses rose louder and shriller than before.

The new prisoner was the cause. He clung to the door with his face against the panels, through the chinks of which actual air might come. Those

behind plucked him from his vantage, jostled him, pressed him backwards that they might take his place. He was driven, as a wedge is driven by a hammer, between this prisoner and that, until at length he was flung against Colonel Trench.

The ordinary instincts of kindness could not live in the nightmare of that prison house. In the day time, outside, the prisoners were often drawn together by their bond of common misery, the faithful as often as not helped the infidel. But to fight for life during the hours of darkness, without pity or cessation, was the one creed and practice of the House of Stone. Colonel Trench was like the rest. The need to live, if only long enough to drink one drop of water in the morning and draw one clean mouthful of fresh air, was more than uppermost in his mind. It was the only thought he had.

"Back," he cried violently, "back or I strike"—and as he wrestled to lift his arm above his head that he might strike the better, he heard the man who had been flung against him incoherently babbling English.

"Don't fall," cried Trench, and he caught his fellow-captive by the arm. "Ibrahim, help! God, if he were to fall!" and while the crowd swayed again and the shrill cries and curses rose again deafening the ears, piercing the brain, Trench supported his companion, and bending down his head caught again after so many months the accent of his own tongue. And the sound of it civilized him like the friendship of a woman.

He could not hear what was said; the din was too loud. But he caught, as it were, shadows of words which had once been familiar to him, which had been spoken to him, which he had spoken to others—as a matter of course. In the House of Stone they sounded most wonderful. They had a magic too. Meadows of grass, cool skies, and limpid rivers rose in grey, quiet pictures before his mind. For a moment he was insensible to his parched throat, to the stench of that

prison house, to the oppressive blackness. But he felt the man whom he supported totter and slip, and again he cried to Ibrahim:

"If he were to fall!"

Ibrahim helped as only he could. Together they fought and wrestled until those about them yielded, crying:

"Shaitan! They are mad!"

They cleared a space in that corner, and setting the Englishman down upon the ground, they stood in front of him lest he should be trampled. And behind him upon the ground Trench heard every now and then in a lull of the noise the babble of English.

"He will die before morning," he cried to Ibrahim, "he is in a fever!"

"Sit beside him," said the Hadandoa. "I can keep them back."

Trench stooped and squatted in the corner, Ibrahim set his legs well apart and guarded Trench and his new friend.

Bending his head, Trench could now hear the words. They were the words of a man in delirium, spoken in a voice of great pleading. He was telling some tale of the sea, it seemed.

"I saw the riding lights of the yachts—and the reflections shortening and lengthening as the water rippled—there was a band, too, as we passed the pier head. What was it playing? Not the overture—and I don't think that I remember any other tune...." And he laughed with a crazy chuckle. "I was always pretty bad at appreciating music, wasn't I, except when you played," and again he came back to the sea. "There was the line of hills upon the right as the boat steamed out of the bay—you remember there were woods on the hillside—perhaps you have forgotten—then came Bray, a little fairyland of lights close down by the water at the point of the ridge..... you remember Bray, we lunched there once or twice, just you and I, before everything was settled.....it seemed strange to be steaming out of Dublin Bay and leaving you a long way off amongst the hills.....strange and, somehow, not quite right.....for that was the word you used when the morning came behind the blinds—it is

not right that one should suffer so much pain.....the engines didn't stop though, they just kept throbbing and revolving and clanking as though nothing had happened whatever..... one felt a little angry about that.....the fairyland was already only a sort of golden blot behind.....and then nothing but sea and the salt wind.....and the things to be done."

He suddenly lifted himself upon an elbow, and with the other hand fumbled in his breast as though he searched for something. "Yes, the things to be done," he repeated in a mumbling voice, and he sank to unintelligible whisperings with his head fallen upon his breast.

Trench put an arm about him and raised him up. But he could do nothing more, and even to him crouched close to the ground the noisome heat was almost beyond endurance. In front the din of shrill voices, the screams for pity, the swaying and struggling went on in that appalling darkness. In one corner there were men singing in a mad frenzy, in another a few danced in their fetters, or rather, tried to dance; before these two men on the ground Ibrahim maintained his guard; and beside Trench there lay in the House of Stone in the town beyond the world a man who one night had sailed out of Dublin Bay, past the riding lanterns of the yachts, and had seen the fairyland of lights dwindle to a golden blot. To think of that sea and the salt wind, the sparkle of light at the ship's bows, the illuminated deck, perhaps the sound of a bell telling the hour, and the cool dim night about and above, so wrought upon Trench that, practical, unimaginative creature as he was, for very yearning he could have wept. But the stranger at his side began to speak again.

"It is funny that those three faces were always the same....the man in the tent with the lancet in his hand, and the man in the back room off Piccadilly....and mine. Funny and not quite right. No, I don't think that was quite right either. They get quite big, too, just when you are going to

sleep in the dark—quite big and they come very close to you and you won't go away....they rather frighten you" And he suddenly clung to Trench with a close, nervous grip like a boy in an extremity of fear. And it was in the tone of reassurance that a man might use to a boy that Trench replied, "It's all right, old man; it's all right."

But Trench's companion was already relieved of his fear. He had come out of his boyhood, and was rehearsing some interview which was to take place in the future.

"Will you take it back?" he asked with a great deal of hesitation and timidity. "Really? The others have, all except the man who died at Tamai. And you will, too!" He spoke as though he could hardly believe some piece of great good fortune which had befallen him. Then his voice changed to that of a man belittling his misfortunes. "Oh, it hasn't been the best of times, of course. But then one didn't expect the best of times. And at the worst, one had always the afterwards to look forward to....supposing one didn't run....I'm not sure that when the whole thing's balanced, it won't come out that you have really had the worst time. I know you....it would hurt you through and through, pride and heart and everything, and for a long time just as much as it hurt that morning when the daylight came through the blinds. And you couldn't do anything! And you hadn't the afterwards to help you....it was all over and done with for you...." and he lapsed again into mutterings.

Colonel Trench's delight in the sound of his native tongue had now given place to a great curiosity as to the man who spoke and what he said. Trench had described himself a long while ago as he stood opposite the cab stand in the southwest corner of St. James's Square, "I am an inquisitive, methodical person," he had said, and he had not described himself amiss. Here was a life history, it seemed, being unfolded to his ears and not the happiest of histories, perhaps, indeed,

with something of tragedy at the heart of it. Trench began to speculate upon the meaning of that word "afterwards," which came and went amongst the words like the motif in a piece of music and very likely was the life motif of the man who spoke them. In the prison the heat became stifling, the darkness more oppressive, but the cries and shouts were dying down; their volume was less great, their intonation less shrill; stupor and fatigue and exhaustion were having their effect. Trench bent his head again to his companion and now heard more clearly.

"I saw your light that morning.... you put it out suddenly....did you hear my step on the gravel?....I thought you did, it hurt rather," and then he broke out into an emphatic protest. "No, no, I had no idea that you would wait. I had no wish that you should. Afterwards, perhaps, I thought, but nothing more, upon my word....Sutch was quite wrong.... of course, there was always the chance that one might come to grief oneself—get killed, you know, or fall ill and die—before one asked you to take your feather back, and then there wouldn't even have been a chance of the afterwards. But that is the risk one had to take."

The allusion was not direct enough for Colonel Trench's comprehension. He heard the word "feather," but he could not connect it as yet with any action of his own. He was more curious than ever about that "afterwards"; he began to have a glimmering of its meaning, and he was struck with wonderment at the thought of how many men there were going about the world with a calm and commonplace demeanour beneath which were hidden the quaint and fanciful ideal, never to be so much as suspected, until illness deprived the brain of its control.

"No, one of the reasons I never said anything about what I intended, that night to you, was I think that I did not wish you to wait or have any suspicion of what I was going to try." And then expostulation ceased and he began to speak in a tone of interest.

"Do you know? it has only occurred to me since I came to the Soudan, but I believed that Durrance cared."

The name came with something of a shock upon Trench's ears. This man knew Durrance. He was not merely a stranger of Trench's blood, but he knew Durrance even as Trench knew him. There was a link between them, they had a friend in common. He knew Durrance, had fought in the same square with him perhaps at Tokar, or Tamai, or Tamanib, even just as Trench had done. And so Trench's curiosity as to the life history in its turn gave place to a curiosity as to the identity of the man. He tried to see, knowing that in that black and noisome hovel sight was impossible. He might hear though, enough to be assured. For if the stranger knew Durrance, it might be that he knew Trench as well. Trench listened; the sound of the voice, high pitched and rambling, told him nothing. He waited for the words and the words came.

"Durrance stood at the window, after I had told them about you, Ethne;" and Trench repeated the name to himself. It was to a woman then that his new found compatriot, this friend of Durrance, in his delirium imagined himself to be speaking, a woman named Ethne. Trench could recall no such name, but the voice in the dark went on.

"All the time when I was proposing to send in my papers, after the telegram had come, he stood at the window of my rooms with his back to me, looking out across the park. I fancied he blamed me. But I think now he was making up his mind to lose you . . . I wonder."

Trench uttered so startled an exclamation that Ibrahim turned round.

"Is he dead?"

"No, he lives, he lives."

It was impossible, Trench argued. He remembered quite clearly Durrance standing by a window with his back to the room. He remembered a telegram coming which took a long while in the reading, which diffused among all except Durrance an inexplicable sus-

pense. He remembered, too, a man who spoke of his betrothal and of sending in his papers. But surely this could not be the man. Was the woman's name Ethne? A woman of Donegal, yes, and this man had spoken of sailing out of Dublin Bay—he had spoken, too, of a feather.

"Good God!" whispered Trench. "Was the name Ethne? Was it? Was it?"

But for a while he received no answer. He heard only talk of a mud-walled city, and an intolerable sun burning upon a wide round of brown desert, and a man who lay there all the day with his linen robe drawn over his head, and slowly drew one face towards him across three thousand miles, until at sunset it was near, and he took courage and went down into the gate. And after that four words stabbed Trench.

"Three little white feathers" were the words. Trench leaned back against the wall. It was he who had devised that message. "Three little white feathers," the voice repeated. "This afternoon we were under the elms down by the Lennon river—do you remember, Harry?—just you and I. And then came three little white feathers, and the world's at an end."

Trench had no longer any doubts. The man was quoting words and words no doubt spoken by this girl Ethne on the night when the three feathers came. "Harry," she had said. "Do you remember, Harry?" Trench was certain.

"Feversham!" he cried. "Feversham!" And he shook the man whom he held in his arms and called to him again. Under the elms by the Lennon river—visions of green shade touched with gold and of the sunlight flickering between the leaves, caught at Trench and drew him like the mirage in the desert of which Feversham had spoken. He had been under the elms of the Lennon river on that afternoon before the feathers came, and he was in the House of Stone at Omdurman. But why? Trench asked himself the question, and was not spared the answer.

"Willoughby took his back"—and upon that Feversham broke off. His voice rambled. He seemed to be running somewhere amidst sandhills which continually shifted and danced about him as he ran, so that he could not tell which way he went. He was in the last stage of fatigue, too, so that his voice in his delirium became querulous and weak. "Abou Fatma," he cried, and the cry was the cry of a man whose throat is parched, and whose limbs fail beneath him. "Abou Fatma! Abou Fatma!" He stumbled as he ran, picked himself up, ran and stumbled again; and about him the deep, soft sand piled itself into pyramids, built itself into long slopes and ridges, and levelled itself flat with an extraordinary and a malicious rapidity. "Abou Fatma," cried Feversham, and he began to argue in a weak, obstinate voice. "I know the wells are here—close by—within half a mile. I know they are—I know they are."

The clue to that speech Trench had not got. He knew nothing of Feversham's adventure to Berber, he could not tell that the wells were the wells of Obak, or that Feversham, tired with the hurry of his travelling, and after a long day's march without water, had lost his way amongst the shifting sandhills. But he did know that Willoughby had taken back his feather; and he made a guess as to the motive which had brought Feversham now to the House of Stone. Even on that point, however, he was not to remain in doubt. For in a while he heard his own name upon Feversham's lips.

Remorse seized upon Colonel Trench. The sending of the feathers had been his invention, and his alone. He could not thrust the responsibility of his invention upon either Willoughby or Castleton, it was just his doing. He had thought it rather a shrewd and clever stroke, he remembered at the time, a vengeance evidently just. Eminently just no doubt it was, but he had not thought of the woman. He had not imagined that she might be present when the feathers came. He had, indeed, almost forgotten the epi-

sode, he had never speculated upon the consequences, and now they rose up and smote the smiter.

And his remorse was to grow. For the night was not nearly at its end. All through the dark, slow hours he supported Feversham and heard him talk. Now Feversham was lurking in the bazaar at Suakin and during the siege.

"During the siege," thought Trench. "While we were there, then, he was herding with the camel-drivers in the bazaar learning their tongues, watching for his chance. Three years of it!"

At another moment Feversham was slinking up the Nile to Wadi Halfa, with a zither in the company of some itinerant musicians, hiding from any who might remember him and accuse him with his name. Trench heard of a man slipping out from Wadi Halfa, crossing the Nile and wandering with the assumed manner of a lunatic southwards, starving and waterless, until one day he was snapped up by a Mahdist caravan and dragged to Dongola as a spy. And at Dongola things had happened of which the mere mention made Trench shake. He heard of leather cords which had been bound about the prisoner's wrists and upon which water had been poured until the cords swelled and the wrists burst, but this was amongst the minor brutalities. Trench waited for the morning as he listened, wondering whether, indeed, it would ever come.

He heard the bolts dragged back at the last, he saw the door open and the good daylight. He stood up and with Ibrahim's help protected this new comrade until the eager rush was past. Then he supported him into the zareeba. Worn, wasted in body and face, with a rough beard straggled upon his chin, and his eyes all sunk and very bright, it was still Harry Feversham. Trench laid him down in a corner of the zareeba where there would be shade, and in a few hours shade would be needed. Then with the rest he scrambled to the hill for water and brought it back. As he poured it down Feversham's throat, Feversham seemed for

a moment to recognize him. But it was only for a moment, and the incoherent tale of his adventures began again. Thus after five years, and for

the first time since Trench had dined as Feversham's guest in the high rooms overlooking St. James's Park, the two men met in the House of Stone.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OCTOBER

THE LITTLE SISTER AT SAINT'S LAKE

By W. A. Fraser, author of "*Mooswa*," "*The Outcasts*," etc.

AT Saint's Lake was John Dawson, the Government telegraph operator; his daughter, Madge; her Indian gift-brother, Day Bird, and Adolph Derouede, the Indian agent. There were others, of course, Indians and half-breeds, but they were not what might be called prominent people.

Why it had been called Saint's Lake is impossible of conception, for leaving Madge out of it, and taking the gossip of the place as evidence, there wasn't a soul within a hundred miles that had any possible chance of a decent hereafter. Saint's Lake is on the Saskatoon River in the north-west angle of the Canadian territories.

It was a proper Indian tribal custom that had sandwiched Day Bird into the life of little Madge Dawson.

He was a pure-blooded Cree, and when he was but a wee cub, fat and plump as a little bear, his father, who was Chief on that reserve, brought him to old man Dawson, and said: "My son, who is the young Chief, will be brother to the little maid who is in your lodge."

This was an honour and tribute not to be lightly brushed to one side; it was the generous faith of the red man in the friendship and honesty of the white.

Day Bird's understanding of the compact grew greater as his young limbs stretched themselves into strength like unto that of the moose. The purple violets in the valley of Saskatoon grew for the little white sister; the Great Spirit whispered them into being with

the soft chinook wind that Day Bird might pluck them for Madge. The asters, and gaillardias, and silk-stemmed wild peas, all crimson and gold and white blossomed, he carried to the pale-face queen, who smiled at him, and frowned at him, and flicked him with willow wands if it pleased her despotic fancy.

Brother and sister was only the name of the thing; she was the queen and he the slave. But she gave him milk to drink, and sugar to eat, and sometimes said he was not all bad.

The chronicle of his willing servitude would make a book, but this is only a short tale of what came into their lives after the coming of Paul Anson.

Long before Paul came Madge had learned to talk with the key over the wire that stretched from Saint's Lake to Calgary on the one side and to Qu'Appelle on the other. That was because her father was the operator, and the instrument was in their lives even as an organ is in the hearts of a congregation.

And because her red brother brought the grouse and the red-breasted mallards, and the Saskatoon berries, and the blue and white flowers, and all else that was beautiful or sweet in the world, with much deprecation, she also taught his nimble fingers and sharp, forest-trained ear to understand the ways of the white man's medicine wire.

That was all before the coming of Paul Anson to Buffalo Crossing, twenty-five miles from Saint's Lake.

John Dawson was a cynic; his for-

mula of the inception of Paul Anson was, that the Greek gods had fashioned him beautiful, and the devil had loaned a spirit to animate their statuesque conception. That was because John Dawson read a great deal from metaphysical books that put queer ideas in his head.

The other inhabitants of Saint's Lake and Buffalo Crossing were not given to mythological research; nor did poetry abound in their unclassical speech. They said simply that the new operator at the Crossing was a bad lot.

This verdict would never have stood in a court of law. Cross-examination would have revealed its weakness and shown undoubted malice. Two things stand first in the lives of most half-breeds—pork and scandal. The very fattest of pork and the richest scandal are nourishment to their indolent bodies and their unformed minds.

So when one man said that from his own knowledge Anson was bad, twenty repeated that they knew of this thing from individual experience. It was the old, old game of giving a dog a bad name. They played it with a science born of generations of idle camp-gossip.

Paul's physical beauty appealed to their outdoor natures; but his disposition hardly endeared him to their hearts. Their reasons were chiefly domestic and mainly imaginary.

By breeding, training, and the whole course of affairs in his English young life, Anson was a gentleman. In point of fact, and in the Western expansion of it, he was very much otherwise. For although idle gossip wrote uncommitted crime after crime against his name, he could by no means claim a clean sheet. Spotless reputations on the outside edge of civilization are almost as infrequent as celestial visits.

These private affairs are necessary to the understanding of why Day Bird did what he did.

There are comparative degrees in wickedness; also what might be called extenuating circumstances. The beauty that Dawson cavilled at was not Anson's fault, but it made his moral obligations more difficult of observance.

If there had been a higher motive in his life than the keeping in order of thirty-six glass jars which comprised the telegraph battery in the cellar of his office-shack, it would have checkmated the things that pulled him down. But two years of careless life at Buffalo Crossing were piling up an aftermath of hate that would culminate in something tragic, every one knew.

The half-breeds whispered it in their log shacks; the Indians talked it in their canvas tepees; and the gold-miners, who dug on the gravel bars of the Saskatoon, discussed it as they burnt the quicksilver from the gold and ate their fried pork in rude huts.

When Minister Harris came to the Crossing he heard of this, and approached Anson with ecclesiastical gentleness.

Paul laughed, and said it was all bosh. It was the jealous fancies of two or three people, because he kept to himself and was not of their mode of life. There was really a great deal in this statement from Anson; at least seven-eighths of the accusations were groundless imaginings.

Then one day Paul met Madge for the first time. His line wouldn't work eastward; it was "grounded" somewhere—a tree blown across it most likely. He hitched up his horse in the service buckboard, took his axe, nippers and relay box, and started down the line. He found the interruption close to Saint's Lake, and, when he had put it all right, drove on to that place.

Then he saw Madge. That was the beginning of the new era.

Also something new came into the life of the girl—it was new to her, but it was the old, old story.

All the way back to the Crossing, Paul's thoughts were a curious jumble. The prairie spread its tawny plain like a cloth of gold for miles and miles, but he did not see it. The grouse whirled, and with startled "crouk! crouk!" rose close to the trail, but his gun jostled about in the bottom of the buckboard untouched. The horse trotted and walked, bustled down hills and loafed up, but Paul paid no atten-

tion; for the memory of the old English home had been driven tight into his mind, somehow, that day, and there was room for nothing else.

The squalid half-breeds, with their queer ideas of deceit and reckless hospitality, took on a new distastefulness. He shuddered, for the image of the other was strong upon him.

The following Sunday he went to church at the little log mission-house, where Minister Harris preached a poor, jumbled, unrheterical theology. Harris had been sometimes farmer, sometimes carpenter, and, for the last three years, Methodist preacher, at a salary of fifty pounds.

Paul knew all about that; he could have risen himself and given a more scholarly discourse on the beauty of the Saviour's life. But also he knew there was more earnest honesty in the face of the little square-jawed man who preached so poorly than there was in his whole physically-adorned, useless life.

It wasn't reasoning at all that made him know these things; it was *that something* at Saint's Lake that had barked him back a matter of ten years to the simple goodness of his mother's influence.

The new order of things went on for a year, and the deductions were as extraordinary as the simple chance that had originated it.

Paul took nobody but himself into his confidence—he threshed it out with his own understanding.

"I've been a beastly fool," he said. "It was all right when there was nobody who made me feel it, but when it comes to the stage that I can't look a good girl in the face without squirming, it's time to pull up, eh! Gad! she had eyes like my dear old mater's—I can't swear whether they're blue or grey, but they went clean through me just as the mater's used to. It doesn't matter, anyway, for I'm not good enough, that's sure. I know it; so I'll just keep away."

But he didn't—not altogether; no man could who felt that way.

But the odd part of it was that the

little minister thought it was all his doing. He didn't know a thing about the influence of the blue-grey eyes.

Gracious! how he worked. He almost wrecked the thing with his intensity of purpose.

He had a ton of good horse-sense, had the little man, or he would have most effectually driven Paul into the arms of the man in opposition—the Evil One—with his exuberant eagerness of purpose.

Paul floundered about in his endeavor to be what he felt he ought to be. It was a new experience to him.

The boast of a breed or Indian is, that he can trail a moose for a whole day across the much-grassed prairie, or through the deep woods; track him as though he left a spoor like an elephant. With that same instinct the mixed stock at the Crossing trailed Anson in his new course. But they put a proper evil construction upon it—it was hypocrisy, he wished to stand well with the minister, and with Madge's father. For when Paul went once to Saint's Lake they knew it, and told that he had gone three times. Others discussed it, and it became six times; until when it came to Day Bird's ears it read that they met often. That was the evil of it.

So while Paul lashed himself in spirit, and actually prayed for a little help in the better way, they reviled him more than before.

He fought against going to Saint's Lake. "I'm not good enough!" he told the sleepy-eyed broncho that stood most of his time in the stall. "It won't do, old man," he confided to his collie dog; "they don't need us at Saint's Lake, do they? We'll just go out and shoot birds, or take a look at the line, or anything in God's world but go to the Lake."

The collie winked approvingly; whatever his master did was all right. If they went to the Lake it was only a good long run; also Madge fed him until he could hardly trudge home again. But if his master wished to just tramp back to the belt of jack-pines, where the grouse fed on the rich, red,

low-bush cranberries, that was also fine sport. Sometimes Madge talked to him over the wire. "P-A, P-A, P-A" the sounder would click imperiously, and he would rush to the key-board, thinking, perhaps, the Duck Lake Indians were up again and killing everybody. Then would come some babble from the girl with the blue-grey eyes—he could see them staring at him from the key-board.

He couldn't stand it. "Busy—battery's out of order;" or "Excuse me—cattle are in the oat field. Must go." He was always choking her off, as he called it.

It was the utter innocence of the thing that made it the stronger—gripped him the tighter.

My! but the little square-jawed minister prayed hard for increase of power in the labour he fancied all his own—the salvation of this fine, generous, wicked man. "He's a gentleman, too," he used to mutter to himself, "a gentleman."

Why he should labour harder over a "gentleman" than over one of the breeds he probably could not have explained with theological justice; but it seemed a greater pity to allow this vessel of finer clay to be broken. The rude forms of the others were always being shattered—it was sad, also, but he could not hope to do much to arrest the destruction, while he might help this young Englishman in the right way.

Paul went to church regularly, which was an astonishing thing. "How in the world I'm ever going to do any good that way I can't make out," he thought; "but how the deuce am I going to do it any other way." He was simply harking back unconsciously to a strong church belief that man can't stand alone; that is, if he has any predilection for standing on good clean soil.

The little minister would drop into the telegraph shack, and hammer away at his mission in a round-about fashion.

In the pulpit he was handicapped by the years spent among men of outdoor

life and untrammelled conventionality, instead of the long university course that would have polished his vocabulary; but for auxiliary work, in this case the getting close into the subject's confidence, it gave him an advantage which he used to the utmost.

After all it only helped a little; the real minister was down at Saint's Lake.

The fight between good and evil would have been of sufficient intensity without the advent of Adolph Derouledé. But no evil could exist within a hundred yards of Derouledé without his scenting it, and, if possible, contaminating the thing. No evil could be so bad that he could not make it a little worse.

He thirsted greedily for smiles from Madge, but there were no smiles for him; so he blamed Paul Anson for it. He told Day Bird that the Englishman at the Crossing had worked magic over the wire on his white sister—had "made medicine," as evil Indians did sometimes.

He took care that others confirmed this vicious statement, until the Indian believed it and it laid hot against his savage heart.

"If this thing is true—if it is not the words of a forked tongue, I will kill this paleface as I would a wolf."

"It is true," said Adolph. "You, who are asleep in your mind, are the last to know it. All the men are saying it, and all the women are laughing about it. The Englishman comes often to see the little sister when we know it not. You, Day Bird, can track the moose, and kill the bear, but this is a thing you are too stupid to see."

But Adolph was wrong. Day Bird could see. He knew that since the coming of Anson, Madge had changed. If she were fond of the white man that did not matter; for, if his sister was happy, Day Bird was content; but if it was the putting on of medicine, the working of magic, as the Agent had said, then he must kill the man who would work misery for his sister.

The next day he shouldered his

heavy clanking Winchester, and trudged to the Crossing.

He went straight to the telegraph shack, opened the door without the little formality of knocking, as is the Indian way, and strode in.

"Hello, Day Bird!" said Paul cheerfully, when he saw it was Madge's Indian brother; "sit down. Hungry?" he asked.

"Huh!" responded the Indian solemnly, laying his rifle down on the floor beside his chair.

"Pitch in, then. I've just finished. I'll fry you some more bacon."

The supper things were still on the table. Paul brewed the tea a bit stronger, fried some more bacon, cut a fresh bannock, and when it was ready, Day Bird slouched awkwardly up to his place and ate silently.

The two men smoked stolidly away the long hours of the evening. The Indian watched Paul furtively with his sharp, black animal eyes. His barbaric mind was working stealthily over the strange problem that had come into his unformed life. Where had this fair-haired white man, tall, and straight as an Indian chief, got the medicine charm he had cast over Madge? Was it in the devil thing that clicked on the key-board? Adolph had said that the medicine had come from the old Nokum who lived on Little Bear's reserve. Derouledé had even asserted that he had seen the charm tied up in a little bag of cariboo skin which the Englishman wore about his neck always. He had paid the Nokum heavily for it; the vicious, withered old Nokum who made medicine to cast evil spells over people.

Day Bird believed this; the faith of an Indian in the power of these medicine charms is like the belief of a Muslim in the Koran.

Moodily he brooded over the accursed thing that was gnawing at his heart strings as he sat and smoked. One minute he thought it would be good to kill the Englishman at once—for that would surely stop all the trouble. His sister had been happy before this white man with the handsome

face had come with his fiendish medicine making. But perhaps it would be better to wait and see the medicine made; that would make his mind easier. He could trail a moose for three days patiently; then why not wait and kill the paleface just as he was in the act of making the medicine?

"Want a shake-down?" Paul asked the Indian. "Sleep here to-night, won't you?"

"Huh!" assented Day Bird.

Paul took him upstairs, spread a buffalo skin and some blankets on the floor, and held out his hand toward the Indian with a cheery "Good night, boy."

Day Bird did not notice the outstretched hand, but busied himself arranging the blankets.

"Wonder what he's mad about?" muttered Anson as he thumped down the stairs. "Fancy the tea wasn't strong enough—perhaps I forgot to give him sugar. They're touchy cusses, these beggarly nichies."

Day Bird did not get between the blankets. He sat on them. For an hour he sat silent, his ear trained on the movements of the man below. He could hear the white man walking up and down the floor, continually muttering to himself. "He not go to sleep," thought the Indian, "he make the medicine."

Presently Paul went into the little front room, which was the telegraph office. Day Bird could not hear what was being done there. He rose and crept stealthily to the back window. Like a panther stalks a deer, he put his feet down on the board floor; a little soft pressing, but no noise, no false step, no creak of the boards.

The little single square window of four panes was out of the frame. He put his head through the opening and looked.

A telegraph ladder leaned against the wall an arm's length away. He pulled it over, and clutching his rifle went down, rung after rung, to the ground.

Then he passed around the back of

the log shack and crouched in the grey willow bushes that grew almost against the window that gave light to the little office.

This window was also open, for the autumn winds were still warm.

Cautiously he peeped in. A lamp, turned low, was burning in an iron bracket on the wooden wall.

"He's not there," he whispered to himself. The next instant something moved slightly; it was the dark figure of the white man kneeling at a chair. The Indian's small bead eyes glistened ferociously; he brought the muzzle of his Winchester up until it almost grazed the window sash.

"This son of a wolf make medicine," he muttered.

Paul's back was toward him, so he could not quite see what was going on.

Then he heard the Englishman's voice. He had to strain his keen ears, for the voice was low. "He talk with the evil spirits," Day Bird whispered.

He pulled the hammer of the rifle back with two soft little clicks, brought the stock of it up under his arm, and touched the trigger nervously with his forefinger. One slight pull and it would be all over—there would be no more trouble for his little sister.

His blood was on fire, the wild Indian blood that had been distilled in generations of carnage. Should he let down the eager hammer? He would wait; a little time did not matter—he wanted to know about the medicine.

Then the words came stronger. Sometimes Day Bird heard them plainly, sometimes he had to patch them up: it was a rough-hewn prayer of sorts. But it wasn't the words—it was the intense earnestness that carried conviction even to the unsophisticated mind of the happy-hunting-ground acolyte.

The white man was asking his Manitou to make him better, to hide the evil things from him, and there were good words for Day Bird's little white sister.

The finger that had been caressing the trigger of the rifle relaxed; the stock drooped, and the muzzle was pulled back into the trembling leaves of the grey willow. Day Bird was puzzled. That was not working medicine—that was not sending an evil charm—that was Manitou talk. The tongue was not forked because the Englishman thought he was alone—alone with Manitou. Surely the Indian agent had lied.

"P—A! P—A! P—A—" the instrument interrupted irritably. "Bu-r-r! P—A! P—A!"

Day Bird saw the white man rise quickly, turn facing the window, shove the lever over, and answer the caller at the wire.

Then he stopped, and the instrument babbled on again.

"Why do you not come down any more to the Lake?" Day Bird's trained ear read.

It was Madge.

"Who's there with you?" Paul queried back over the line.

"I'm alone," the Morse tongue said; "folks are over at the Agency."

"Can you ground your wire east?" he heard Paul ask; "I want to tell you something—want to talk to you alone—understand?"

"All right, talk away," the girl answered cheerily.

"Well, little woman," continued Paul, "I'll tell you why"

Then the Indian standing there heard all about it—heard the man he was waiting to kill tell a woman he loved, but thought too good for him, many things calculated to tend for her welfare, and keep her from wasting her thoughts on a man who was only fit, in his own estimation, to bolt back to England or any other place so long as he got far enough away from Saint's Lake.

Day Bird silently let the hammer of his rifle down, stepped back clear of the grey willow bushes, threw the cartridge out with the lever, crept up the telegraph ladder and in between the blankets the Englishman had spread for him on the floor.

In the morning he ate the breakfast Paul gave him, and when he had finished, held out his hand saying: "Day Bird likes you, okama; you will be my white brother. Also come to Saint's Lake soon, lest Day Bird kill the Agent, Adolph."

When a man thinks he is extremely bad, that is the beginning of his regeneration, for it thereby becomes possible. In Paul's case it materialized.

The little square-jawed minister rubbed the soft unction of spiritual success against his soul, and said: "I'm glad I was the humble means of

making one man better." This was months after. After a fashion perhaps he was indirectly the way, if not the cause. But for his honest example, it is possible Anson would not have been awakened to the memory of his mother's prayer teaching. What Paul said, was: "Little woman, I was drifting badly, but you pulled me up."

"Nonsense!" Madge interrupted him, "you weren't bad, you only thought so."

Which shows what a woman's faith is like.

A CHOICE

IF one might live ten years among the leaves,
Ten—only ten—of all a life's long day,
Who would not choose a childhood 'neath the eaves
Low-sloping to some slender footpath way?

With the young grass about his childish feet,
And the young lambs within his ungrown arms,
And every streamlet side a pleasure seat
Within the wide day's treasure-house of charms.

To learn to speak while young birds learned to sing,
To learn to run e'en as they learned to fly,
With unworn heart against the breast of spring,
To see the moments smile as they went by.

Enroofed with apple-buds afar to roam,
Or, clover-cradled on the murmurous sod,
To drowse among the blessed fields of home,
So near to earth—so very near to God.

How could it matter—all the after-strife,
The heat, the haste, the inward hurt, the strain,
When the young loveliness and sweet of life
Came flood-like back again and yet again.

When best begins it liveth through the worst.
O happy soul, beloved of memory,
Whose youth was joined to beauty, as at first
The morning stars were wed to harmony.

Ethelwyn Wetherald

THE DEPUTY-CLAIMANT

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

"WHY did he not come to England himself?" asked the girl reflectively.

The Deputy-Claimant began to chew a blade of grass. "Well, to tell the truth, I think he was a little bit—ahem—nervous."

"You mean that he was afraid. I am not surprised. All thieves are cowards."

"Thieves!" exclaimed the Deputy-Claimant reproachfully.

"Yes, thieves," said she. "What do you call a man who, just because he happens to be my uncle's son, and my uncle happened to be two years older than my father and happened to have got married without telling any of his relations—just because of a little thing like that—here he comes and takes my home away from me and makes me go and live with Aunt Maria! I hate Aunt Maria!" she finished vindictively.

The Deputy-Claimant repressed a smile.

"Don't you call a man like that a thief?" repeated the girl angrily.

"I—er—that is—the Law—"

"Oh, if you're going to talk LAW," said the girl disdainfully.

The Deputy-Claimant immediately repressed his legal knowledge. Instead he looked up at her and thought how very pretty she was, and how the background of green trees and velvet lawn suited her. He had been thinking these same things ever since he first visited there, four weeks before.

"It is deuc—very hard on you. You seem to be in place here. You were made for parks, you know, and big rooms and servants and pretty dresses, and—er—that sort of thing."

The girl threw out her hands with a little pathetic gesture. "It is my home!" In her eyes there was a home-sick look already. Her glance wandered over the broad terrace, through the branching green of the trees to the flowers in the distance,

and the quaint old house basking peacefully in the sun. She went on dreamily—

"It is not so much giving up the servants, or the pretty dresses, or ceasing to be called the lady of the manor, or any of the hundred-and-one things that go with it; it is the thought of having no right here—here, where I have lived all my life and thought I should live always. To go away and be a stranger, and all this belonging to someone else—someone whom I have never seen—an outsider—an alien."

"It is hard luck," said the young man sympathetically. Then, remembering his duty as proxy for the absent one, he continued: "but, you see you ought to be just. You can't help seeing that he could not help his father being two years older than yours, and he could not help the Law—"

The girl gave a weary little sigh. "No," she said, "I suppose not. But he need not have insulted me."

"What?" said the Deputy-Claimant, sitting up straight and nearly choking himself with the grass-blade he had been chewing.

"He could have helped that," said the young lady with emphasis.

"I do not understand," he protested. "Did you say that he has insulted you?"

"Oh," she said, "I thought you did not know. I will tell you if you promise never, never to breathe a word. He wrote to Aunt Maria."

"Yes," he said, "but—"

"He wrote to Aunt Maria," she continued triumphantly, "and he told her that I might have the property back if I would take him with it."

"Oh," said the young man reproachfully, "he did not put it like that!"

"How do you know?" she asked quickly. "But of course he did not put it in just that way. He said that he was very sorry to dispossess the

present claimant, that he understood that the person in question was very young. He said he did not know much about girls, but that didn't she think it would settle things naturally if—if—

"I see," he said. "He made a terrible bungle of it, poor fellow!"

"Was it an insult or was it not?" asked the girl inexorably.

The Deputy-Claimant looked very miserable. He was certainly in a tight place.

"Looking at it from your point of view," he said finally, "considering your character, your training, your views of life and things like that, it was certainly an insult. I understand that now. But when he—ahem—read me the letter—

"Oh, he did read you the letter!"

"—I did not look at it in just that way and neither did he. You see, we had both lived all our lives out on a prairie farm. We did not know much about girls, as he says. He did not understand—well, he did not understand anything," he finished desperately.

"And you think?—"

"I think he did not mean it as an insult. I know he did not."

He glanced at her imploringly, but she looked away. There was a slight pause.

"You are the Jury," he reminded her.

"In that case the verdict of the Jury is, in this case, deferred until—until the Jury gets ready to give it!" she answered, laughing gaily at his rueful face.

"Now," she continued, "I want to know about him. You are a witness, you understand. Is he well educated?"

"He is fairly educated."

"Is he big?"

"He is big."

"What is his given name?"

"His name is Thomas."

"How awful! Is he handsome?"

The Deputy-Claimant turned his face away and blushed.

"He is—ahem—not bad-looking."

"Is he handsome?"

The Deputy-Claimant grew crimson. "I—I don't know," he answered lamely.

"Oh," said the girl, "and yet they say that only women are envious of another's good looks! Is he in love!"

"He most certainly—that is to say he—I am not permitted to say."

"You refuse to answer that question?"

"I am not permitted."

"Oh, well," said the girl calmly, "it is not of much importance. Now you must tell me more about your own life in Canada. I have heard enough about the men, now tell me about the girls."

"I don't know anything."

"About one girl then."

"Which one?"

"The one you know best, of course. There is a certain Kitty, isn't there? I think I have heard you mention her. Tell me about Kitty."

"Kitty," said the Deputy-Claimant, looking into the bright face above him and speaking in the tone of one who repeats a lesson, "Kitty is the farmer's daughter on the farm next to mine. Her name is Miss Katherine Elizabeth Brown. She is farmer Brown's only daughter."

"Well, go on."

"I don't know any more."

"Oh, yes you do," said the girl, laughing. "What does she do?"

"She helps her mother."

"Oh," in a pitying tone. "Are they poor?"

"No, they are well-to-do."

"Can they not afford a servant?"

"Half a dozen of them."

"Then why don't they have some?"

"Kitty and her mother do just as well. They would think it an unheard-of extravagance."

"Is she pretty?"

"She is very pretty."

"Is she nice?"

"She is very nice."

"Is she accomplished?"

"Her accomplishments are the envy of the country side."

The girl on the bank rose suddenly.

"We had better be getting back," she

said. "The sun will soon be here."

"Not for another half hour," he said easily. "And I want to tell you more about Kitty. As I said, she is very accomplished. She can play the organ—"

The girl sat down again.

"Hymn tunes she plays, on Sundays, 'No. 1 Songs and Solos.' Her friend, Miss Robina Merrigold, sings. Miss Merrigold also dances, but Kitty does not approve. She has religious scruples. Miss Merrigold plays cards, in a select company, but Kitty considers this very wrong. Besides her father won't let her. Kitty is also a beautiful hand in the dairy. Her butter—"

"Thank you," said the girl, smiling, "that will do. As you say, she is very accomplished. Now, tell me about Canada. Do you like it?"

"It is the finest country in the world."

"Would I—like it?"

"No, you wouldn't."

"Why not?" she asked sharply.

"Because you are in place here, this is your proper setting, this is your home."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"My home!" she said. "It will soon belong to that farmer—that stranger, and my home will be with Aunt Maria in a little two-by-four villa on the outskirts of London. Oh, if you only knew that villa, with its tiny, tiny rooms and its tiny, tiny garden where everything bigger than a rose-tree looks out of place. Oh, I shall suffocate there, I shall dry up and be a mummy—like Aunt Maria!"

The Deputy-Claimant threw the remains of his grass blade into the stream with sudden recklessness. His bright, good-natured face became hard and determined. He did not give himself time to be afraid. Turning to her he took her hand in his and held it firmly. She also had no time to be afraid.

"Alice," he said, "would you like

Canada better than that villa—would you like me better than Aunt Maria?"

The clasp upon her hand was strong and firm. She had no chance to be evasive. So with downcast eyes she answered "Yes" confusedly.

"Do you love me, Alice?"

"Yes," she said.

The clasp upon her hand grew firmer, but he did not kiss her. Surprised, she glanced up only to see in his face that which caused her eyes to drop again and dyed her cheek with blushes.

"Alice," he said again and his voice was stern, "are you sure you love—a farmer?"

"Yes," she said.

"Could you," his voice faltered a little, "could you love—a thief?"

"I could love you."

"And think, Alice, a coward?"

"I love you."

"My name," he said, "is Thomas!"

"It is a dear name," she whispered.

"You don't understand," he said desperately, "and I can't take you until you do. I am all those things. I am not the Deputy-Claimant. I am the Real Claimant. I came to take your home from you. I am the thief you spoke of. I am the coward. I insulted you—now, Alice?"

The girl withdrew her hand gently. Her lips were pressed together very tightly. She turned her head away. He could see her slender shoulders shaking with suppressed emotion.

"How long," she said, in a choked voice, "how long have you been afraid to tell me this, Thomas?"

"A whole month," he said despairingly, "four long, cruel weeks."

"Oh dear," she said, "I shall die, I know I shall. I can't stop laughing."

She sprang to her feet and faced him, her eyes bubbling over with merriment, her lips rippling with smiles.

"Four weeks!" she cried, "to think that we have lost four lovely weeks. For, of course, I knew it all the time!"

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. Maclean Helliwell

BIBLIOPHILISTIC UNCERTAINTY

I know my sweetheart like a book,
Each page a tempting word or look.
The title? often "sweet" and "dear,"
But sometimes "Mistress Domineer."
Her type to me is nonpareil,
The binding lambskin pink and pale;
Then, too, the finish is gilt-edge—
And to the make-up I've a pledge
To add my quad of real romance
If I am given half a chance.

And though I know this dainty tome
So thoroughly—still I become
Perplexed;—just think should she decline
To make this rare edition mine!

GORMAN WHEELER

IN a recent number of a certain English magazine, there appeared an attractive little article, "On the Advantages of Folly as Compared with Intellect." The theory that clever men are *not* drawn toward clever women is of course old and time-worn, but the writer of the article referred to presents his arguments to prove the "advantages of folly" in a very sprightly and convincing manner. "A woman with brains who insists on displaying them is hated by men," he declares emphatically. "Men like *bright* women, but detest clever ones—the half-and-half clever men are secretly jealous of and loathe brains in woman; it is only men of genius who, half-humorously, half-tenderly, allow women to be clever, much as a great Newfoundland dog delights in a little puppy's playful touches." Now, is that not humiliating? Which, I wonder, is the harder for a woman to endure—loathing or a condescending toleration!

"Indeed," sums up this daring essayist, "it is pretty safe to assume

that intellect—apart from what it creates—is valuable only for the pleasure it affords its owner, as a private and special belonging to be looked at and enjoyed when alone."

In these days when every woman knows that she is almost if not quite as clever as the average man of her acquaintance, such reading as the above is disagreeable and distressing, and bold, indeed, methinks is the editor who had the temerity to publish it.

Now, quite à propos of this disparagement of feminine intellect comes the announcement that two of the principal American Universities have found it necessary to change the system of complete co-education which has hitherto prevailed, *because* there appear to be ample grounds for the fear that the women will soon outnumber the men, thereby defeating the "original purpose" of the University, i.e., the education of young MEN.

"The aspirations of President Harper and his professors," says a writer in an article on the University of Chicago, "is especially to train young men in a career which they alone can follow. In order to afford to the exceptionally serious, gifted, and ambitious young women a measure of the same training the doors were opened to the other sex, but there has been nothing in the experience of the school to shake the opinion that the supreme work of the University should be the development of the powers of the young *men*. With the tendency of women to rush in overwhelming numbers into the great school and the consequent disposition of the young men to go elsewhere, there is every reason to fear that the high ambitions of the faculty will be defeated."

Another writer on the subject declares unreservedly that "most young men, when given an absolutely free choice and the means to gratify their ambition, will prefer an institution exclusively for men, and the more women crowd into mixed schools the more marked will this preference become."

It is distinctly gratifying, after reading such slurs as these upon the sex, to come across the encouraging words of the President of Columbia, who says: "A wise college president wrote a few years ago that 'this intertraining and equal training takes the simper out of the young woman and the roughness out of the young man.' He was right. The woman who grows up surrounded by women, and the man who grows up surrounded by men, are a long time maturing. Both are abnormal. The family is the natural type, not the monastery or the nunnery."

It is not my intention to discuss the question of co-education. The subject is a broad and far-reaching one, and this drowsy August day does not seem to create quite the atmosphere needed for the carrying on of a lively and instructive discussion. The sole reason, in fact, for the introduction of the subject is that it seems to be a somewhat singular coincidence that in the same month in which the intellectual female is publicly held up to derision and scorn, it should also be publicly confessed that, in one part of the world at least, she is becoming one too many for her intellectual brother. The statement that women are actually crowding men out of the colleges which were originally founded solely in the interest of the stronger sex, is somewhat startling. It is a relief to know that co-education in Canada has not, as yet, brought about so deplorable a condition of affairs.

If it be true that the clever woman is detested and avoided by men, it would be interesting to follow the subsequent careers of all these multitudes of clever maidens who are at present engaged in ousting the poor, unfortunate young masculines of the country from the colleges supposed to exist for their

especial benefit—if, I repeat, this be true!

The London *Standard* has been very meritoriously engaged of late in looking up advertisements and signs which furnish excellent illustrations of everyday English "as she is spoke" by the madding crowd and others.

Not far from the Strand a maker of picture frames displays in large letters the following:

"Notorious for our Picture Frames."

In High Street, Clifton, a dress-maker announces in a sign above her door, that she is

"A Milliner and Modest."

In Paris, a restaurant catering to Anglo-Saxon custom, informs the passers-by that

"American Drunks are to be had here."

On a sandwich-board man in the same city this sign appeared:

"Fine Medoc of the '84 vintage, 2 frs.; the same, very old, 3 frs."

And this is the lucid way a Shanghai laundry posts up its excuse for increasing its prices for washing:

"With reference to notify you for the employed in the various laundries of Shanghai. But any washerman is quite inability of disadvantage of washing any public, and though the high price ruling now for rent, charcoal, coal, soap, rice, etc., is never counterfeit. The Committee of the Laundries' Guild are now to notify the general public which must will be increase. If any gentleman or lady will unbelief upward a few lines will can see the daily news is written quietly, distinctly and obliged, many thanks."

One is quite sure that after so full and luminous an explanation the Shanghai public were entirely satisfied to "be washed" at whatever rates the Laundries' Guild should see fit to decide upon.

In Canton, Wong Foo, a merchant has this sign over his shop:—"All kinds good many merchandise in steamer not seldom anywhere and safe"—which is said to intimate that the astute and erudite Wong Foo has

a great variety of things which he sells and will deliver safely.

Over an art exhibition at Tokio is this inscription:—

"Visitors are requested at the entrance to show tickets for the inspection. Tickets are charged 10 sens and 2 sens for special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in; if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and his strictly forbidden to take within himself dog or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thievery."

A watchmaker in Yokohama announces: "If you wont sell watch I will buy; if you wont buy watch I will sell."

Patti the famous was once advertised as the eminent "farewellist," with this to follow:—

"All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says good-bye twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woe! ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who only uses one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."

The *Standard* also asserts that in Canada a club-house, at one time, bore this notice:—

"Only gentlemen of the highest respectability are admitted to this club. Beware of pickpockets."

A propos of the announcement that a new volume of letters by Jane Welsh Carlyle is soon to appear, Mr. W. E. Garret Fisher has been holding forth in the following mildly facetious strain: "It has been argued," he says, "from the experience of Carlyle and others, that men of supreme genius ought not to marry, but to adopt the semi-monastic life which Balzac advocated as long as M. Hanska was alive. Too

often they marry before they are quite conscious of their high calling, and in that case nothing can be said, as the law has strangely forgotten to include the discovery of genius among the reasons for divorce. If they wait, or are precocious enough to become aware of their own powers before they fall in love, they are liable to be caught on the horns of a dilemma. If the man of genius looks out for some nice, plump, good-tempered housewifely creature, like Mme. Deprez, who will attend to his creature comforts without the least wish to interfere with his thoughts or to share in his work, he is still in danger of such annoyance as Holmes pictured in his 'Poet at the Breakfast Table'—Shakespeare interrupted in the midst of Hamlet's famous soliloquy by Anne Hathaway's urgent inquiry, 'William, shall we have pudding to-day or flap-jacks?' On the other hand, if he selects a brilliant, intellectual helpmeet, either she may despise household affairs to such an extent that he becomes a mere walking dyspepsy, or she may devote herself to them, like Mrs. Carlisle, in a passionate spirit of anything but silent martyrdom—and then he is held up to posterity as a brute. Perhaps the remedy is to be found in the limited polygamy which was advocated by Sir John Ellesmere in that wise and witty book *Realmah*. He thought that the man of genius should be allowed nine wives at least, 'only for goodness' sake, do not let them be nine muses.' Their functions were thus enumerated:

- (1) The arch-concocter of salads.
- (2) The sewer-on of buttons.
- (3) The intelligent maker of bread-sauce.
- (4) The player of Beethoven's music.
- (5) The player of common tunes—"Old Dog Tray," "Early in the Morning," "Pop Goes the Weasel," and "Paddle your own Canoe," all of which tunes I think beautiful.
- (6) The consoler under difficulties.
- (7) The good reader.
- (8) The one beloved wife (dear, deluded creature) who always believes in her husband, and takes him to be the

discreetest, most virtuous, and most ill-used of men mortal. I do love her!

(9) The manager of the other wives.

Considering the matter seriously, however, one must indeed confess that the married life of the average man of genius is anything but satisfactory. One has only to recall the biographies of any half dozen of the world's master minds to be convinced of this sad truth. The cases where married life was calm, serene, harmonious and happy, are so rare that they stand out with dazzling distinctness in that white light that beats upon a great exception.

In a few rare cases the fault undoubtedly did lie with the wives, but even then it was less the fault than the great misfortune of these hapless ladies that they were of those who "never could understand" and who had been called by Fate to an office too lofty—and too trying to be endured. Taken as a class, justice forces one to declare that men of genius are rather uncomfortable creatures for everyday companions, and for the wife of a great man to go down to posterity as a loving, beloved, and wholly satisfactory spouse, proclaims her at once to have been a great woman.

One by one the summer travellers are returning to the comfort of their own firesides, and marvellous, indeed, are the tales that some of them are telling—tales built upon their own experiences, real or fancied, or the equally uncertain adventures of their friends.

One wanderer who has been investigating the Gulf coast of Florida, and whose word is entitled to belief, reports the interesting discovery of what he terms a veritable terrestrial paradise—sans snake and sans woman! "At Lemon Bay," he says, "there is a point running out into the gulf about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. On one side is the roar of the surf, and on the other the placid

blue waters of Lemon Bay. On this point a unique colony makes its home. It is composed of men just past the meridian of life, about twenty in number, all scholarly, travelled, and of wide experience. On Lemon Point they have found an ideal spot for frittering away their remaining days in idleness or communion with nature. They are all bachelors, and live alone so far as the fair sex is concerned. They have built their own homes of rough yellow pine. Their clearings occupy from one-half to two acres, surrounded by palmetto trees. There are plenty of deer and wild fowl and fish of every variety in the neighbourhood. The colonists spend their days in fishing and hunting, and their nights in communion with their pipes and a jug or two of aguardiente, a drink distilled from sugar cane, and smuggled to the coast from Cuba or the West Indies. The members of this unique company include a Swedish count and a retired army captain, a graduate of West Point. For five dollars a month they can live well, and an income of twenty dollars a month purchases the necessities and luxuries. They have but to drop a baited hook into the water and pull up the choicest fish, and by walking along the shores they can pick up the finest oysters and clams. Then a walk of an ordinary city block will furnish them with venison from a passing deer. Occasionally they visit the hotel across the bay for supplies, but they keep almost entirely to themselves. The climate is adorable. One can bathe in the waters of the bay at all seasons, and even in summer the heat is not great if one keeps out of the direct rays of the sun. Its inhabitants call Lemon Bay a paradise on earth, and to me it seems a perfect Eve-less Eden." Of course an "Eve-less Eden" may be some people's idea of a perfect paradise, but surely to the normal mind an absolutely Eve-less Eden would be just as incongruous and incomplete as an Eden bereft of its Adam.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE King is at length crowned, and despite the plaintive regrets which are heard that the magnificence of the ceremony was sadly marred by the delay, there was something priceless added to it that otherwise might have been to a great extent lacking. The King is, probably, the most popular living ruler. This statement may be questioned on behalf of several persons in authority. Indeed, it might be expected that each country would put forward its own chieftain to dispute the title. The Little Father is said to be worshipped in a dim, blind way by the swarming hives of Slavs who call him lord. The aged Austrian Emperor has maintained unity on the blank edge of chaos throughout his dominions for two generations by the sheer respect in which he is personally held. The fair young Queen of Holland commands the hearts of her subjects not alone by conventional attachment to the throne, but by the irresistible chivalry of sex. Emperor William is regarded by many of his subjects as a phenomenon, a European Personage in whom they are proud to recognize the modern Charlemagne. Nevertheless, he has to put them in jail occasionally for swearing at him under their breath. A plea might be put forward, too, on behalf of the two great elected rulers—he of America and he of France. But their claims must be rejected forthwith, for we can say with a certain degree of positiveness that a large minority, at least, a minority always threatening to become a majority, thoroughly believes that Theodore Roosevelt is not the man for the White House, but some one else altogether. Were Monsieur Loubet to submit himself to a plebiscite like his Napoleonic predecessors the result could scarcely be definitely

forecast. On a general review, therefore, of the situation, the unqualified statement made above may with reason be adhered to, with a saving clause in favour of Holland's Wilhelmina. But naturally popular as Britain's King is, there was added to it a personal thrill of sympathy evoked by the danger and suffering he had passed through. In the rejoicing anthems a strain of the Te Deum was intermixed, giving them a depth and pathos that would otherwise perhaps have been wanting, and which was a grander ingredient in the matter than any ceremonial could supply.

The Triple Alliance has been renewed, but a more hollow piece of political make-believe could hardly be conceived of, and this is saying a good deal when speaking of international treaties of alliance. They are one and all a faithless race. They hold good just so long as it is to the interest of those who make them. Italy's position as a member of the *dreibund* is almost pitiful. She is supposed to be leagued with Germany and Austria against France, whereas she really feels more ties of race, blood interest and sympathy with the latter than with either of the other two. Austria has been the oppressor and wronger of Italy time out of mind. She was the great bar to Italian unity in the pre-Napoleonic days. He first in a left-handed manner gave Italian yearnings in that direction a chance to breathe, and the inheritor of his name gave it full life at Solferino. The late Signor Crispi followed in the footsteps of Cavour without respect to the different position of Continental politics at the end of the nineteenth century to what it was in the fifties. When Cavour

joined France and England in the Crimean war, and skilfully arrayed himself on the winning side generally, it was that the triumphant Powers should enable him to realize the dream of his life—the unity of Italy. That unity once attained, with no dangers from within, a Cavour, we might safely affirm, would have gently disengaged himself from all expensive and useless alliances and set himself to develop and strengthen the internal resources of the new-made nation. That would be the way to make Italy really strong. Putting hundreds of thousands of her sons into an army, to maintain which the tax-gatherer rages up and down the land, is not the way. Yet the nation has entered into its obligations again, for sheer lack of resolution to say no. The fear that her two partners might turn about and regard her as a common enemy, forces her statesmen to accept obligations for which the people have no taste, and which keep the country on the verge of bankruptcy, and drive her children abroad to escape the imposts that squeeze the life out of industry.

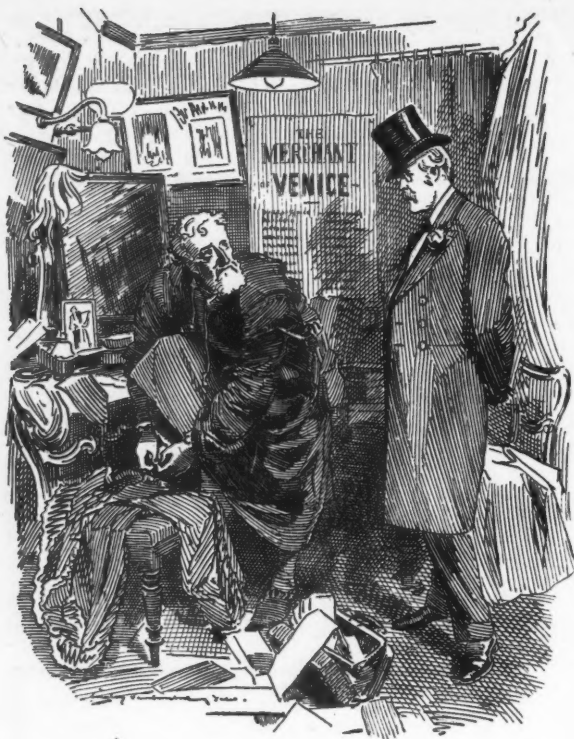
It is one of the most aggravated cases of the malady from which the whole Continent is suffering. The strongest and most solvent of them are wrung by the evils of militarism, and when a country in the financial and industrial position that Italy is in is bound by treaty obligation to maintain an armament far beyond what its rational revenues warrant, we have the oppression in its worst form. It is easier to diagnose the trouble than to suggest a remedy. It might be said, to parody a noted saying, that the way to disarm the swollen battalions of Europe is to disarm. But this is easier said than done. Germany is the centre of the storm. Not

that she is more aggressive, but because she is still in possession of stolen goods and can never be easy unless she feels that she is as strong as those from whom the goods were stolen. Surrounded as she is with grudging neighbours, armed to the teeth, she would be mad if she reduced her army by a man.

France, whose present boundaries have been part of French soil from time immemorial and throughout whose whole territory the unity of race, of language and even of faith is virtually unbroken, is in a better position to reduce her armies than any other nation except Russia. No one disputes her right to every inch of her present territory. Can it be conceived that any other nation taking advantage of the reduction of her forces would undertake to despoil her? Cynicism is characteristic of nations when they set their hearts on some illicit object, but it is scarcely possible that any degree of cynicism could put a fair face on an



A HUMOROUS AMERICAN VIEW OF THE CORONATION
—Chicago Journal



INDISPENSABLE

A. J. BALFOUR (Manager of T. R. Westminster, to MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Leading Actor)—"Sorry you're thinking of leaving us. Can't you stay till the end of the run? We've got nobody else to play the part."—*Punch*.

attack on any portion of French territory. On the face of it, therefore, it would seem quite a safe proceeding for the French people to begin a process of largely reducing their armament. It might be urged that thus weakened France would not be able to enforce the rights of her subjects abroad. It may well be questioned, however, whether it is worth while keeping hundreds of thousands of men under arms in order that the rights of a wandering Frenchman here or there may be effectively enforced. The fact is that the vanity of being reckoned one of the great Powers of the world is one of the most common of national weaknesses,

and it is conceived that a great army and navy are essential to the maintenance of this proud eminence. Whether the turning of a million men into productive industry and relieving other millions of oppressive imposts and taxes would not do more, by the creation of vast material resources, to maintain the standing and weight of a nation than even a great army, is something that should not be lost sight of.

Russia is, of course, best situated for leading in the work of disarmament, and we are sometimes allowed to catch glimpses of a dream of that nature in which the reigning Czar indulges himself. It was to this fad, as some of his advisers and brother mon-

archs would call it, that we owe the peace meeting at the Hague. Unfortunately we have had no tangible example from that quarter to show that the yearning for peace is anything more than a dream, or a part of the game of Russian expansion. Indeed, while the Congress at the Hague was in session, or soon thereafter, the Czar's troops were choking the streams of Manchuria with the dead bodies of their enemies. Russia has, indeed, no need for a vast armament because of any danger from her neighbours, but altogether because her ambitions for still greater additions to her already tumid territories both in Europe and

Asia are insatiable and provocative of hostilities.

In the case of almost every nation of them, indeed, it will be found that behind the military and naval preparation there is a scheme of aggression. Russia never takes her longing eyes from the Balkans and the peerless city on the Bosphorus. France's yearning for her lost Provinces may be less tense than it was a quarter century ago, but has not by any means disappeared. The German Emperor labours assiduously for the creation of a great navy in order that he may found a new Germany over-seas. Germany is one of the countries which swarms, and it is not to be wondered at if the sight of thousands of Germans leaving the Fatherland to enrich foreign lands with their industry, intelligence and thrift is one that a German Emperor or a German statesman cannot regard with complacency. It cannot, for example, render the invasion of Germany by the products of the steel trust any less objectionable because a gentleman with the fine Teutonic name of Schwab is its presiding genius. A German white-man's land, where this surplus population could be directed, would be an assurance that an outpost of the Teutons had been established whose growth would strengthen Germany and keep her in the class with the other colonizing and expanding Powers. But a pre-requisite to such a scheme is a powerful navy, and of all the many projects which haunt the prolific brain of the royal planner this one of a great navy holds apparently a first place. Owing to her position on the Continent, girt on every side by power-

ful nations which may at any time become active foes, Germany has to support a huge and perfect fighting machine. It is now designed to equip her with a vastly expensive navy. Can she stand the strain?

The distinctive feature of Mr. Balfour's reconstruction of the British Cabinet, following Lord Salisbury's retirement, is the increase in what may be called its democratic or ordinary mundane elements. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the proud Tory squire, who had never probably soiled his fingers with a mercantile transaction in his life, is succeeded in the Chancery of the Exchequer by Right Hon. Chas. T. Ritchie, a London Scotsman and a successful business man. Lord Londonderry, the great territorial landlord, who was not a success in the Post Office, has been succeeded by Mr. Chamberlain's son Austen. The younger Chamberlain is a University man, but could scarcely have lived under the same roof with Pushful Joe without imbibing some of his useful plebeian qualities. The only absolutely new man is Andrew Bonar Law, another successful business man from Glasgow, who has been made Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. It would appear as if the Cabinet had been strengthened in its practical executive elements. Mr. Akers-Douglas, who has taken Mr. Ritchie's former office of Home Secretary, is, like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a landed proprietor, but he is also a member of the bar. Mr. George Wyndham, the new Irish Secretary, belongs to the aristocracy.

A WINDY DAY

THE prairie rolled and rolled away,
 Away and away, on either hand,
 And the tall grass swayed, and rippled and swayed,
 And above, the clouds swept over the land;
 The fields of wheat were like heaving seas,
 The strong hawk floated along i' the gale,
 The chinks of the settler's cabin sang,
 And a cloud of dust sped down the trail.

MANITOBA, August

W. H. Belford

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE King has been crowned and the suspense is over. The Empire will now turn its mind to other things. In so doing, it

THE KING. is a great satisfaction to know that the gipsies and the pessimists were wrong, and that King Edward VII is not an ill-fated monarch. It is also a pleasure to know that the King's physical strength is great, and that our monarch is a man with a sound body as well as a stout heart. The calumnies concerning his physical ailments are dead and buried. The lies of a jealous foreign press may be forgotten. The King is King, and we are his proud subjects.

It is interesting to note that the crowning of the King was an event, while the change of Premiers was merely a circumstance. It has been said that the King is only a figure-head, and that the real head of the nation is the Premier. The events of the past few months do not give much help to those who hold that belief. The change from Lord Salisbury to Hon. Arthur J. Balfour did not affect the pulse of the Empire or of the world. It was noted as a change in the weather is noted. On the other hand, the death of Queen Victoria and the accession of Edward VII profoundly stirred the whole world. The sickness of His Majesty had a similar effect; even the stock markets shivered when the sudden announcement was made. The number of people throughout the world who know the name and countenance of the King is ten times as great as that of those who know the name and countenance of Hon. Arthur J. Balfour.

The influence of royal families and the stability of monarchical institutions are not so seriously threatened as some

writers and speakers would have us think. The progress of mankind is slow, and that which is once firmly imbedded in the human mind cannot be quickly removed. Whether Royalties and Kings will ever wholly disappear is not a matter of immediate concern.



When the day for the payment of "the taxes" approaches the average citizen is somewhat worried. The assessor has valued his

TAXES. property too high; he has guessed too correctly as to the size of his income; and after all it seems like paying money for which one gets little return. Every man evades all the taxation he can. The man with an income of \$2,500 a year hates paying taxes on more than \$1,500. The citizen whose income runs up to \$100,000 a year, is usually content to pay on one-tenth of that sum. Even the honest assessor is human.

In the United States, where they have little respect for government *per se*, false returns are so common as to excite neither displeasure nor disgust. So far has this gone that one of the State High Courts has decided that "perjury in connection with a man's tax lists does not affect his general credibility under oath." This is a complacent view, and it may be more nearly true than ridiculous.

Much the same state of things exists in Canada. Our people have a somewhat stricter business code and a much stricter political code, but when it comes to tax lists, it may be safely asserted that wealthy Canadians as a rule are expert tax-evaders. And in this particular, individuals are even worse than the much-abused corporations.

Because of the evil which is in our midst the subject of municipal taxation is one worthy the attention of broad-minded citizens. Our federal and provincial taxes are indirect and hence impossible of evasion; but our municipal taxes are direct. Because the subject is a burning one, the Ontario Government recently appointed a commission to investigate the subject and make a report. Like most government reports it says much and means less, and the commissioners have accomplished so little that it is hardly worth while mentioning their names. A very good criticism of the report has been issued by the Single Tax Association of Toronto in a little pamphlet of thirty-two pages. This is well worth a reading by even those who have not the time or inclination to read the general report.

There is much to be done in the way of reform in our methods of taxation. British Columbia taxes improvements only 50 per cent., while the city of Nanaimo taxes them not at all. In Manitoba, taxes are levied only on the unimproved value of the land. In the other Provinces the land and its improvements are taxed together. If I buy a lot worth \$1,000 and erect upon it a stable and house worth \$5,000, I must pay taxes on \$6,000, which is manifestly no incentive to improvement of property. If my income is \$2,000 a year, I must pay taxes upon \$1,300, or thirteen-twentieths of my income. If my income is \$50,000, I will probably have to pay on about \$10,000, or one-fifth. The personal property tax and the income tax are scarcely ever levied fairly.

The whole subject is one worthy of close study, and should receive more general attention. There is no doubt that the tax on land values only has much to recommend it, and it is the ideal towards which taxation methods are tending.

A summer resort is essentially a waste place of the earth, although all waste places are not likely to become summer resorts. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence could not be

made into smiling farms because it would be impossible for a farmer to make his living on one island, or to take his horse and plough from one island to another in a canoe.

The same is true of the rocky islands and shores of the Kawartha and Muskoka lakes in Ontario, and of certain parts of the Georgian Bay. It is true of the sandy dunes of Prince Edward Island and of other parts of Canada.

As our cities grow in number and size, more waste places will be utilized for summer resorts. Those who are cabined in brick and walled about with asphalt and soft-coal smoke, desire to get away for a few weeks with nature. They desire to wander over rocks and among trees, to paddle along shores that have never known the screech of commerce, and to breathe the purer air of the elevated and uncultivated regions. This is one of the strange features of our modern civilization.

These waste places in the interior, or these sandy places along the sea coast, are gradually being made habitable. The railways and steamboats are making them accessible. The owners of the land are building cottages and summer hotels, to which the city-weary may flee for rest.

In no part of Canada is this more strikingly illustrated than in the Muskoka district, which lies on an elevation a hundred miles north of the City of Toronto. These three lakes, studded with rocky islands and surrounded by rocky, wooded shores, were in their natural condition scarcely fifteen years ago. Here and there an adventurous farmer had built his house and was endeavouring to make a living from the small valleys which lie among the rockier eminences, and a few disciples of Thoreau had wandered in and built themselves summer huts. Now a half-dozen large steamers and a hundred small craft ply the summer waters, and several hundred pretty cottages dot the islands and the shores. A score of moderate-sized hotels are scattered about, while the beautifully

situated and splendidly-planned Royal Muskoka Hotel rises from the centre, a sort of majestic City Hall in this summer city. For it is a summer city, though it is twenty-five miles long and fifteen miles broad, and though its broad walks and avenues are the cool waters of Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

To this beautiful region there come every year several thousand weary fathers and mothers and their families. They come from the larger places in Ontario, and from Buffalo, Pittsburg and other adjacent American cities, bringing their contracted lungs and over-wrought nerves to be freshened and soothed. It is a blessing that there are waste places where commerce and industry may not flourish.



It is notable that the summer habit, so far as men are concerned, is confined to those under twenty and those over

thirty-five years
YOUNG MEN of age. The
NOT ATTRACTED. young men in the
robustness of

their manhood are seldom seen about the summer resorts. Once the boyish love of sport for its own sake has been satisfied, and the young man has entered into the world's work, he is feverish in his haste. He is passing through his Quick-Lunch period. He wants no holidays, or if he does take them his pleasures are apt to be too earnest for a quiet resting-place. He prefers to travel across continents and oceans or to the larger cities where he may see what he calls "life." The theatre, the gambling den, the sporting house and the hotel corridor have lessons for him. He is full of ambitions for his business, and he gets his education and experience in seeing what his competitors are doing.

When he has had ten or fifteen years of this furious life, he begins to change his point of view. He regards business more and more as a means rather than an end. He is now more anxious to think than to act, realizing that action is telling only when based on mature thought. The Quick-Lunch

counter and the stock-ticker have less attraction. Then and then only does he turn to the quieter pleasures of life and the summer resort.

This absence of young men from the summer habitations leaves the young women without much companionship other than their own. The absence of eligible young men kills the fussiness of the mothers and leaves the two classes of women to enjoy themselves in a natural manner. The young women swim, paddle, row, sail, play lawn-tennis and ping-pong under peaceful conditions which tend to a more natural development of their minds and bodies.

The contrast between the lives lived by the young women between twenty and thirty and the young men of the same age, may account somewhat for the superior physical advance being made by the women. There can be little doubt in the mind of the careful observer that Canadian women are making physical progress due to greater attention to physical development and greater devotion to out-door life. This progress is more noticeable than among young men.

The young men are not wholly to blame, since this is the age of young men. Old men are not wanted by employers, and the young man must be able to stand on his feet before he is forty, or the chances are he will never be able to stand alone. This is a part of the dollar-worshipping spirit.



It is reported that the new Postmaster-General of Great Britain will lower the newspaper post to Canada. This will give us more British publications. The reform will be welcome when it comes.

What will the Canadian Government do? Will it continue to discriminate against Canadian periodicals by taxing unprinted paper 25 per cent., and allowing printed paper to come in free? The answer is about due.

What do the Canadian people intend in this matter? Are they willing to have this country flooded every week, every month with anti-British and anti-Canadian literature?



THE WAY "THE MOON," CANADA'S COMIC WEEKLY, PICTURES "A QUIET EVENING IN A CANADIAN HOME"



BOOK REVIEWS

THE CAREER OF LORD STRATHCONA

THERE are persons who insist that the days of romance have gone forever. Let them reflect a little before hastily consigning every grain of romance, every spice of the marvellous, to the remote past. There is the career of the man like Lord Strathcona. Surely it abounds with victories over poverty and obscurity which relegate that illustrious, if mythical personage, Dick Whittington, into a tame second place. Donald Smith, a Scotch lad, comes out to Canada at eighteen years of age with no more formidable weapons to tackle fate than vigour, moderate education, integrity, and a stock of shrewd sense. Sixty years pass away and we find him a millionaire, the chief representative in London of his adopted country, the head of vast enterprises, a peer of the British realm. There is food in such a transformation for reflection, inspiration, and sagacious inquiry.* Young Smith came of Highland stock. Stuarts and Grants were his kinsmen. He was destined by his mother for the profession of law, and actually began that career. He was nearly drawn into mercantile life by his relatives the Grants, merchants of Manchester, a worthy pair who figure in "Nicholas Nickleby" as the Cheeryble Brothers. But both law and trade were put aside for the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The boy's uncle, John Stuart, was a noted fur trader in our Northwest, and his adventures had early dazzled the nephew. So to Canada he came in

1837, and was sent to the remote Labrador department. Buried alive in that distant and melancholy post, young Smith formed the habit of writing long letters home, and the literary practice thus acquired stood him in good stead in after life. Attacked by sore eyes, he ventured to return to Montreal for treatment. The Governor of the Company looked at him severely:

"Well, young man, why are you not at your post?"

"My—my eyes, sir," faltered Mr. Smith, pointing to his pair of blue goggles. "They got so very bad, I've come to see a doctor."

"And who gave you permission to leave your post?" thundered the Governor.

As it would have taken a full year to have obtained official consent to his journey, Mr. Smith was forced to reply, "No one."

"Then, sir," said the fur-trade autocrat, "if it's a question between your eyes and your service in the Hudson's Bay Company, you'll take my advice and return this instant to your post."

And he returned straightway. For thirteen long years there he remained. The native Eskimo knew well the intrepid, kindly and order-keeping young Scot, and long after heard of his great success with wonder. One old Eskimo, in amazement inquired "if Boss Smith was king now?" It was explained that he was "not king exactly, but a baron, a great lord." The old crone merely said: "Well, well, p'raps he come out here, buy up all Labrador, and kick out the M'ravians." The good lady, it appears, had no zeal for missions. Promotion after promotion finally landed Mr. Smith in Montreal in 1868, as chief officer of the Company in Canada. He was now 48 years old. To many men, after 30 years' service, this would have meant

*Lord Strathcona: the Story of His Life. By Beckles Willson. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

the culmination of an industrious career. Mr. Smith's was only beginning.

In a general way the various undertakings and episodes connected with Donald Smith's name are known to Canadians. In the troublous days of Riel's first rebellion in 1870 he was sent to Fort Garry as a mediator and commissioner on behalf of the Canadian Government. A more dramatic chapter in a man's life would be hard to find. The revival of the details now read like a dime novel founded on fact. He fixed his residence in the West and entered the Dominion Parliament. His famous quarrel with Sir John Macdonald and the Conservatives belongs to this period and is one of the most stirring political episodes in our history. Mr. Smith was, in fact, a kind of storm-centre during a time of great bitterness in politics, and his share in overthrowing the Ministry of Sir John Macdonald in 1873 was not forgiven for a long time. But the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway healed the old sore, and he and Sir John afterwards became close personal friends. Sir John Macdonald never cherished grudges. To Donald Smith and his cousin Lord Mount-Stephen (the latter's mother was Mr. Smith's aunt), the Canadian Pacific Railway owed in large measure its early completion. Both gentlemen pledged their private fortunes to prevent the construction work from ceasing. Lord Strathcona never "made millions" out of the line, as some have asserted, and he once assured his biographer that "he was hundreds of thousands of pounds out of pocket through his connection with that gigantic undertaking."

Of Lord Strathcona's benefactions it may fairly be said that he has never trumpeted them. Indeed, his modesty is remarkable. When the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal was completed—he gave at least \$500,000 toward it—someone proposed an inauguration ceremony. "No," said Sir Donald, "I want no flourish of trumpets. Just open the doors when the building is ready and let the patients

come in." He is apparently one of those men who keep their heads in spite of the most dazzling successes, a common characteristic of those whose rise is not too rapid, who owe little to chance, but who are almost entirely the architects of their own fortunes. If space permitted there are many incidents in the career of the man which might be dwelt upon. But the reader must seek them in the book for himself. It is certainly a most entertaining biography. There are a few blemishes, chiefly in the political allusions, but it would be ungracious to complain when Mr. Beckles Willson has produced so interesting a volume, with such evident industry and insight, and with so keen an eye for dramatic effect.

A. H. U. C.

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THE STUARTS

The historians have not left the House of Stuart a rag of reputation. It might be supposed that Scottish writers would be more lenient in their judgment than those of English inspiration and bias. But with the exception of the few writers who have essayed a defence of Mary and attacked the doubtful evidence on which the worst charges against her are based, it does not appear that the later Stuarts have any friends. Prof. Hume Brown, whose careful and well-balanced work on the history of Scotland is now being issued, is no exception to the rule.* Without attempting to set up a defence for a line of monarchs so generally unsatisfactory from nearly every point of view as James VI, his son, and his two grandsons, it is questionable whether they were much worse than the age in which they lived. The fact that it could be said of James VI that "in no previous reign was so notable an advance made along every line of national prosperity" indicates the existence in Scotland at least of a fairly good government. Whatever

*History of Scotland. Vol. II, 1542-1689. By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. Cambridge: University Press.

the King's sins against the English standards and interests may have been it is clear that his Scotch subjects were tolerably well-off under his rule, infinitely better off than the Protestant Dissenters of Ireland were a century and a half later under the Brunswickers. However, it fell to the lot of Charles, father and son, and James VII to encounter the full force of the political Reformation and as they displayed neither wisdom nor strength in the contest, an adverse verdict must in the long run stand against them. Prof. Brown makes full use of the materials that warrant a hostile view of Stuart rule and no patriotic qualms of conscience trouble him in the least. He condemns Mary, explicitly as regards her alliance and marriage with Bothwell, tacitly in respect to the death of Darnley. Instead of adducing the disputed "Casket Letters" as evidence, Prof. Brown advances the surprising argument that "the relations of the various parties were too well known to permit a moment's illusion on the part of the public." Were "the public" of 1567 so well informed and intelligent as to deserve to be cited as conclusive witnesses of what actually took place? Prof. Brown throws doubt upon the Gowrie Plot in the reign of James VI and is apparently inclined to put it down to the King's malignant fancy. The episode, however, is not of much importance and Prof. Brown may be left to the tender mercies of Mr. Andrew Lang. In the main the history is an excellent piece of work, and compresses into a very clear and entertaining narrative the events of Scottish history from the date of Mary's accession to the dawn of an entirely new era in Church and State under William of Orange. But what will strike the average reader is the unsparing condemnation of the Stuarts, whose misfortunes, like their mistakes, are ever counted against them. The Jacobite legend may linger as a pious and inoffensive sentiment inherited from the past. A few amiable persons may constitute themselves a society to keep alive an

eccentric attachment to the living descendants of the ill-fated line. But, for all effective purposes, it seems the historians have decided to regard the cruelties and errors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from the standpoint of the twentieth. And where the historians agree who shall dare to say nay?

38

FOUNDERS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

In an agreeably written book,* Prof. Oman has given us an insight into the characters and policies of seven Roman statesmen who preceded the Empire, and whose efforts, either unwittingly or designedly, led up to the overthrow of the Roman republic. In that loose way, which is so common in modern political discussion, it is sometimes said that the British Empire, like the Roman and other empires of old, will fall into the sere and yellow leaf even as they did, and the human mind is so constituted that it accepts idle declarations of this sort as if they were profound truths. There is a refreshing grasp in Prof. Oman's study of the later Roman republic, which dispels vain and ill-founded ideas, based on false historical parallelisms. Resemblances there are between the old and the new, but the conditions which governed Rome have no counterpart in any modern state. Without intending it, probably, the author of this treatise on the breakdown of the republican constitution, proves very conclusively that we should be chary about declaring that "history repeats itself." Beginning with the Gracchi and their well-meant but erroneously-conceived reforms, the author sketches the influence which Sylla, Marius, Cato, Pompey, and finally Julius Cæsar had upon the Roman state.

The view taken of Cæsar is neither that of the earlier historians who regarded Brutus as a true patriot fully justified in plotting against the life of a tyrant, nor that of late writers who have attempted to build around Cæsar the

* *Seven Roman Statesmen.* By Prof. Charles Oman. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

kind of legend which in France is being constructed about the name of Napoleon. Profound as was the effect which these individuals produced on Rome and its development into an autocratic state, the inability of any race to found a permanent democratic republic in that stage of the world's history, was the real cause of the change. We may learn much by so intelligent a study of the period and the men as Prof. Oman presents in these pages, but in order to apply the lessons to our own time we must carefully examine the conditions of to-day rather than to depend upon any ingenious system of *a priori* reasoning.

38

The Annual Financial Review (22 John St., Montreal) is an important volume of 400 pages. It contains the latest annual reports of the banks and the leading assurance, telegraph, railway and other companies with a record of the price of their stocks on the exchanges. This is an invaluable investors' guide.

Besides being valuable as a work of reference, Morang's Annual Register is interesting to the general reader. With it he may get a broad survey of Canadian events of 1901, viewed in their proper relation one to another. It gathers together the fragments of information given out during the year and presents all that is valuable in comprehensive form.

The *Queen's Quarterly* has been changed slightly, owing to the fact that the scholarly professors connected with the enterprising Kingston University have decided that progress and development are advisable. For several years they have been writing excellent articles for a small circle of readers, all graduates of Queen's. Now they propose having their articles read by everybody who will pay one dollar a year for a good quarterly. The idea is not half bad for Canadians, especially scholarly Canadians, from whom little enterprise is expected. Bravo! McGill already has a good semi-yearly magazine, and the University of To-

ronto has a fairly good monthly, and Queen's is to have, nay, has a good quarterly. The more of such magazines published in Canada, the less will be imported. It is meet that Kingston should work for national literature because she lives in history as the home of Sir John A. Macdonald, the greatest nationalist of us all.

The various governments in the Maritime Provinces should subsidize that excellent publication, *Acadiensis*. It is preserving much historical material that would otherwise be lost or forgotten. It is doing a splendid work. The July number (Vol. II., No. 3) contains excellent articles, of which the best, perhaps, is Professor Mac-Mechan's article on "A Halifax Privateer in 1757."

An Englishman has written an interesting and curious pamphlet entitled, "John Bull's Guinea-Pigs" (sixpence, C. W. Bradley & Co., 12 Fetter Lane, E. C.). By Guinea-pigs he means the titled and nobby people who get the prominent positions in the Army, Navy and other departments of government where solid business men should be found.

There is nothing so powerful as emulation, especially among children, and we are all children. Dr. James Bain, of the Toronto Public Library, thought a reprint of "Henry's Travels" would be a good thing and he edited it for a publisher. Then Mr. A. C. Casselman thought Canada ought to have a new edition of Richardson's "War of 1812," and Canadians now have it—at three dollars per copy. Congdon & Britnell, old-book dealers in Toronto, decided that there should be a reprint of that famous volume, "Hochelaga Depicta, or History of Montreal," and, behold, it is here. The label reads, "Fac-simile Reprints of Early Canadian Books, No. 1." Now, we are off to a good start. This book was published in Montreal in 1839, and described the history of that city with a fullness of detail which leaves nothing to be desired. All lovers of history should have at least one of the 500 copies to which the edition is limited.



IDLE MOMENTS



WHEN THOMPSON SETON'S ERNEST

He loves the sparrow tame,
And the Johnny Bear so wild,
He doesn't know his name,
But he's Nature's happy child.

"Do you think he'll come?" said the Coyote.

"Of course," answered the Kootenay Ram impatiently, "doesn't he always come to see us fed? He's becoming too intense to suit me. I never did care for metaphysics. I'm like Kipling, I like men who do things. I'd have you know that I'm no muddled oaf."



THE BRUTE!

STAGE-STRUCK WIFE (who is going to appear in private theatricals): "You know, John, dear, I don't think I quite like appearing in tights. Whatever will people say?"

JOHN, DEAR (regarding his wife's figure): "That I married you for your money."—*Moonshine.*

"Really, Krag, you're becoming too sensitive. I wish you'd turn the glare of your 'splendid amber eyes' in another direction. You needn't try any of your hypnotic tricks in this park."

"Hypnotism!" echoed the Pacing Mustang, with a snort; "Krag doesn't know a thing about it. He's purely primitive—nothing but brute force."

"Last year," said Molly Cottontail, "I heard that Seton Thompson—"

"What's that?" inquired the Chickadee. "There's no such person. He told me, himself, that he's Mr. Ernest Seton—"

"Oh! Every one knows that the Chickadee 'goes crazy once a year.' You can't be in Ernest, you know," said Tito.

"But I insist upon it," said the Chickadee, angrily. "Ask Silverspot. It's all over the woods."

"I'm afraid, my friends, that Chickadee is telling the truth," said Silverspot, sadly, "but, after all, what's in a—"

"If you quote that thing," said Bingo, wearily, "I'll cut the crowd of you. It's bad enough for Ernest to confuse us in this way, just as we were beginning to feel acquainted."

"I always thought," continued the Pacing Mustang, "that the fellow had horse sense. But if he had consulted me about this change in the name of the firm, I should have said him neigh."

"We mustn't judge him too hardly," said Chink. "When a man gets rich he must have amusement. Some men take to yachting, some to the woods, and others take to studying the hy-

phens in the family. We're not proud, and we'll recognize him, even with an alias."

"Well," said Vixen, quietly, "here he comes, and we'd better treat him as if nothing had happened."

All these things had I heard from wild animals, which I had not known. They had been so absorbed in their discussion that I had gone unnoticed. But, now, as I watched the Chaser of the Stag approach, I felt that it was well to have overheard the conversation of his friends, for there was a heavy cloud on his brow, and the burden of a double name seemed to press sorrowfully upon his soul.

"Eh! What is this? You are not—"

"I am not one of them," I said, genially. "I've just been listening to a little conversation."

"Were they discussing me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Well—yes. They weren't just sure about the name."

"I hoped they hadn't heard about it. But there's no concealing anything in these days."

"You are Mr. Ernest Th—"

"Call me Ernie, if you want to be friendly. The papers won't let me alone."

"Why don't you call yourself Hobo or Swab or Ringo? It would be so effective and would seem to identify you with the rest."

"You don't understand," he said, crossly. "Seton is an ancient Scottish name—"

"And Thompson is just about as old, and a little more common. But we'll read your books by any other name, and all hyphens look alike to me."

"What is most provoking is that this disturbance interferes with my work. Just as I am seated on a peak in Colorado, ready to sketch a bear or two, the telephone rings and Scribners' want to know if Seton-Thompson is there. When I try to explain that it's Ernest Seton, they think I'm the wrong man. Then the *Ladies' Home Journal* will ring up in a hurry for Mr. *Sat-On-Thompson*, and—"

"Then you really belong—"

"I'm the editor of the wild-animals department, but I haven't a thing to do with heart-to-heart talks, with whirls. But the editor and I almost had a little misunderstanding."

"About Mrs. Rorer's recipes?"

"Well, she did think that my department ought to include her. No. I soothed her by giving the real and original hare-soup prescription. But my later trouble was more serious. You see, I wanted to write a story about a South African antelope, so I called it 'The Sprightly Bok.' Edward, the editor, thought it was a personal insult, and said it wasn't fair to *spring* such a title on him."

"I'm sure you must find it a nice quiet place. But you are writing another book, of course?"

"Just a sketch or two. At present I'm working on 'The Musings of a Mosquito.'"

"I suppose you'll bring out a swell—I mean a swollen—edition, with tail-pieces and little wings."

"Yes. The illustrations are so realistic that I can't keep from slapping them. It's a subject that spurs a writer on. I am thinking of having some musician compose a song to go with it—you remember the mosquito's gentle, dreamy whiz?"

"Then, you can write a second sequel on 'Lunatics I Have Launched.'"

"That sounds very well. But I think I prefer to keep to animals. I know them rather well by this time, and they have complete confidence in me. Even the donkey seems to cherish a kind of fellow feeling."

"You must be very busy."

"Rather. I'm going for a prowling with a panther to-morrow, and to-morrow night I expect to spend in writing a few hundred words on woman's cruelty to the mouse. Now, there isn't any real harm in a mouse. If you'll only think of what a pretty color it—"

"Mr. Thompson - Seton - Ernest, I won't hear another word."

"But it's a lovely little creature—so soft to the touch and—"

"Er-r-rh! You awful man!"

"There you go! I never knew a woman who could be rational. Now, if you'll—"

But I was far away, following the trail of the Anthill Nag.

—*J. G. in N. Y. Life.*

KITCHENER'S RETURN

Punch has published some good paragraphs on Lord Kitchener's return to London. Here are some selections:

In many instances the adaptation of the Coronation devices to suit the circumstances showed considerable ingenuity. For example, in several places one noticed that the initials "E. R." had had the word "KITCHEN" prefixed to them.

Lord KITCHENER has expressed his regret that he arrived back too late to take part in the QUEEN'S Tea to the other "Generals."

It is rumoured that there is already friction between Lord KITCHENER and the War Office. The War Office authorities, it seems, were extremely annoyed that Lord KITCHENER arrived at Paddington punctually. They accuse him of riding rough-shod over their traditions.

The real reason why KITCHENER hurried home is not generally known. He is to attempt to restore order at Sandhurst. It is realized that, if anyone can do it, it is he.

We are pleased to be able to print a full and verbatim report of the speech made by his Lordship to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES at Paddington Station. It was, "How do you do, Sir?"

ANECDOTES

It is related that when the Earl of Rochester, in the reign of Charles the Second, rose to make his maiden speech in the House of Lords, he said: "My lords, my lords, I rise this time for the first time—the very first time. My lords, I divide my speech into four branches." Here there was an embarrassing pause of some seconds. "My lords," the earl then ejaculated, "if ever I rise again in this House, you may cut me off, root and branches, and all forever."

Nearly everyone knows that Mr. Timothy Healy, the Irish M.P., possesses a keen sense of humour, and that it is but seldom, when the necessity arises, that he fails to come off

with an exceedingly witty rejoinder. On one occasion, however, his accomplishment in the art of repartee altogether failed him.

The man who was the hero of this exceptional exploit was Mr. Seymour Bushe, K.C., who at the present time fills the position of Senior Crown Prosecutor in Dublin. A case was being heard in the Dublin Recorder's Court on one occasion, and during the proceedings the Testament on which witnesses are usually sworn was found to be mysteriously missing. A search was made for the required book, but for a little time without result.

At last Mr. Bushe happened to notice that Mr. Healy had taken possession of the volume, and was busily engaged in reading it, quite oblivious of the consternation which its disappearance was creating.

"I think, sir," said Mr. Bushe, turning with a mischievous expression towards the Recorder, "that Mr. Healy has taken possession of the Testament."

As soon as he caught the sound of his name, Mr. Healy glanced up, and then, realizing what had taken place, with many apologies, handed over the volume.

"You see, sir," added Mr. Bushe, "Mr. Healy was so greatly interested in it that he didn't know of our loss; he took it for a new publication."

When the laugh had subsided, Mr. Healy, for once, had no reply to make.

The late Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, began his career as a lecturer at a small town in Scotland. He was very nervous and asked the janitor at the hall to let him in by a side door, in order that he might avoid the crush. "Ye needna mind," replied that functionary, "there's nae crood." This was no more than the truth. A bored commercial traveller, he found, composed the entire audience. Forbes waited a while, and no one else approaching, he said to the "audience"—"Will you have the lecture, or will you have a drink?" "A drink," said the traveller.



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



THE MUD BATHS OF SAINT-AMAND

BETWEEN Valenciennes and Tournay, at the end of the village of Croisette-Saint-Amand, France, thermal springs gush forth with great force from the marshy soil and mingling with fine particles of peaty and marly

soil make sulphurous mud, the curative action of which is to-day clearly established. In former times there was no way in which the sick could comfortably follow the treatment, as the place was surrounded with trees and bushes, but in 1687 the neighbouring villages taxed themselves to make the necessary improvements, and under the direction of Vauban, first work was commenced. The most interesting incident of this work was the discovery of statues, medals, and Roman money, which testified to the usage of these springs by the Romans, although the tradition to this effect had disappeared for many years. The estab-

lishment was in full prosperity when the revolution of 1789 broke forth, and the proximity of the frontier brought upon Saint-Amand incessant trials and perils. Finally the place was reduced to ashes, and only in 1805 did the baths again become popular.

On the site of the old building there has been erected a rotunda divided into spacious compartments, this rotunda being connected with the principal wing which contains the rooms for baths and douches. The mud cases in which the sick are placed have the form of a trapezoid with the smallest side towards the centre of the rotunda, and being covered with a movable plank in which openings have been cut, the patient is completely enveloped, only the healthy portions of the body,



THE MUD BATHS AT SAINT-AMAND



A TIME-SAVER

The latest time-saving method of type-writing letters dictated over the telephone, showing the speed with which modern business is being done.

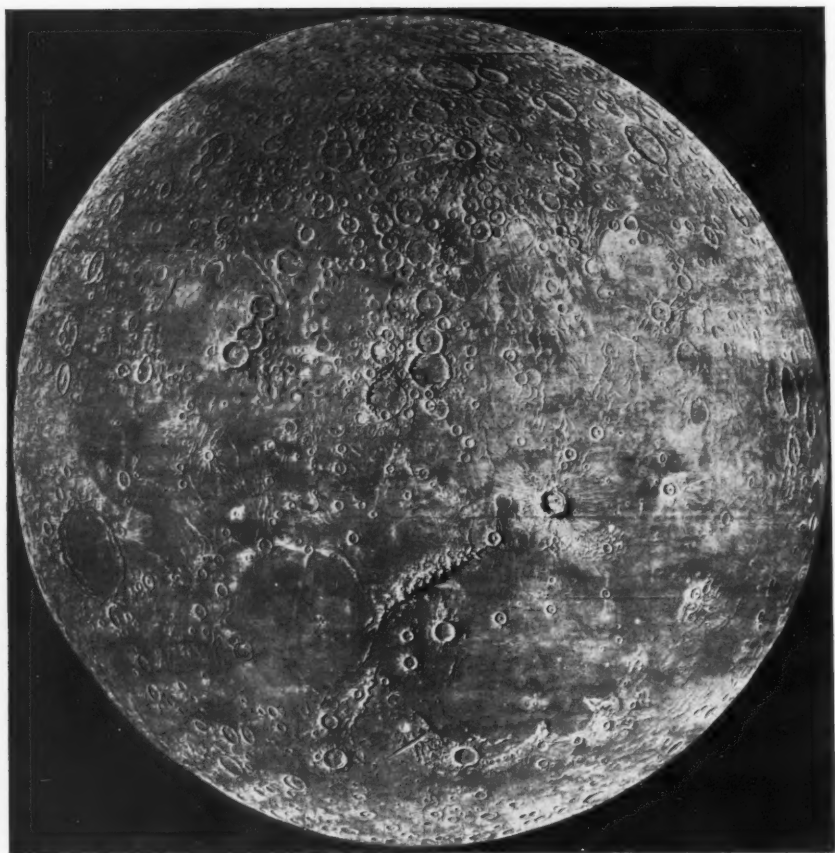
the head, shoulders, and arms, being outside. These bathtubs are renewed at the beginning of each season, and a compartment is reserved for each patient during the entire course of the treatment.

Numberless analyses have been attempted at different times to explain the curative action of the mud and the sulphurous waters. The most complete analysis was made by V. Raulin in his *Manual of Geology*, and according to this work the waters of Saint-Amand contain: Carbonate of lime, 0.194; carbonate of magnesia, 0.059; carbonate of iron, 0.025; sulphate of lime, 0.616; sulphate of magnesia, 0.431; chlorides of potassium, sodium, calcium, 0.038; chloride of magnesium, 0.050; silica and alumina, 9.010; organic and waste matters, 0.021. It is

necessary to mention the existence of glairine, azotic matter, fatty and whitish, which is present on the surface of the water. Glairine is formed of 30 to forty per cent. of silica, 40 to 45 per cent. of carbon, 6.5 to 8 per cent. of hydrogen, and 5.5 to 8.1 of azote. There is also observed in these waters a filamentous *sulfuraire*, the action of which seems to take place in the formation of sulphides.

The mud is less rich than the water in sulphate of lime, but the amount of sulphur and iron are much greater in the mud. The physiological effects of the mud are such that there is produced on the skin a true inflammatory state which reawakens the vitality of treated parts and regulates the circulation of the capillaries, the mud acting sometimes as a stimulating and tonic medicament, sometimes as a dissolvent. Nephritic colic is quickly cured, this cure having been general as early as 1749, but the curative action which is the most curious is that manifested in cases of rheumatism, paralysis, gout and gravel. Mud baths are few in number—Marienbad, Karlsbad, and Toeplitz in Germany; Saka in Sweden; Viterbe in Italy; Saint-Amand, Dax, and Neris in France.

The business man of to-day handles a large business and large projects because he has the use of the telegraph, the telephone and the stenographer. Without these it would be impossible for him to keep in touch with a large market or to do business with the speed now required. The introduction of the typewriter revolutionized modern business methods and enabled one girl to do the letter-writing which formerly required two or three clerks. Experiments have been made with the phonograph and it is used by some business men. The dictation is made into the machine and the record taken on wax cylinders. These are handed over to the typewriter who places them on a machine, inserts the sounders in her ears, and commences operations on her keyboard. The above illustration shows an alternate device.



PICTURE MAP OF THE MOON

This is photographed from a drawing made by two English men of science to show the large number of craters on the moon's surface. For example, to the right and just below the centre is the Crater of Copernicus, a vast rampart rising 12,000 feet above the level of the plateau. The crater is 46 miles wide and contains a magnificent group of cones, three of them attaining a height of upwards of 2,400 feet. See article, "Our Autumn Skies."